HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1888.

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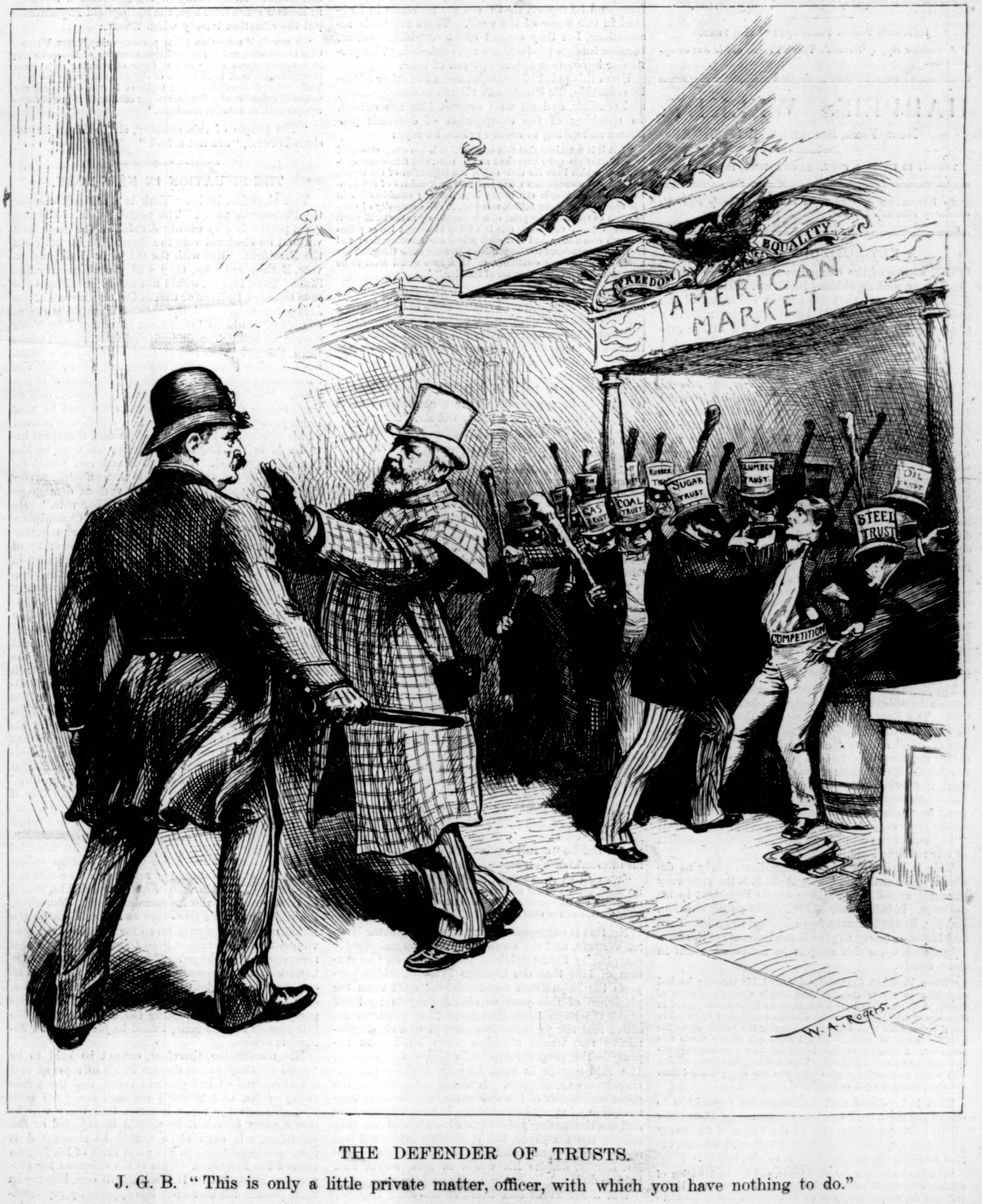
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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 1, 1888.

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An ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *is issued gratuitously with this number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A KEY-NOTE OUT OF TUNE.

THE course of the campaign shows some extraordinary and significant incidents. The Chicago platform declared that all needed reduction of the national revenue should be effected by repealing the taxes on tobacco, upon spirits used in the arts and for mechanical purposes, and by revising the tariff so as to levy higher duties to exclude articles produced here, and repealing duties upon foreign articles which are not produced here. If that should not suffice for reduction, it would repeal all internal taxes rather than surrender any part of the protective system. That is to say, necessaries and raw materials should be taxed and whiskey freed rather than that any protective duties should be reduced. This proposition to free whiskey and to tax necessaries and raw materials rather than to touch any protective duty, however exorbitant and however oppressive, was so startling and extraordinary that the Republican Senators decided that the party policy must be changed, and a different scheme presented to the country as the Republican plan of campaign. The platform further said:

> "We declare our opposition to all combinations of capital, organized in trusts or otherwise, to control arbitrarily the condition of trade among our citizens; and we recommend to Congress and the State Legislatures, in their respective jurisdictions, such legislation as will prevent the execution of all schemes to oppress the people by undue charges on their supplies, or by unjust rates for the transportation of their products to market. We approve the legislation by Congress to prevent alike unjust burdens and unfair discriminations between the States."

The Republican and Democratic press and the Democratic President had strongly condemned this system. The New York *Tribune* had described trusts as "combinations that raise the price of the necessaries of life," and as "combinations.... destined to defeat the very object of the protective system." In the Senate Mr. SHERMAN, speaking of a bill "to prevent the evils which unquestionably grow out of these combinations and trusts," alluded to the sugar trust as "one of the most dangerous and wrongful trusts ever organized in this country," and added, "The trust can certainly be reached by the operation of our revenue laws."

This is the view of the Republican party as declared by its authorized delegates. It is the view very strongly urged by the Democratic President in his message. It is the view of intelligent public opinion. But Mr. BLAINE returns from Europe to an impatient and idolizing party to give it the key-note of the campaign, and upon this subject he delivers himself in these words:

> "When President CLEVELAND delivered his message he had something to say to the American people about the danger of trusts. I think there have since been no Democratic papers in the country, whether they understood the meaning of the word or not, that have not been constantly warning the people as to the horrible danger of trusts. Well, I shall not discuss trusts this afternoon. I shall not venture to say that they are altogether advantageous or disadvantageous. They are largely private affairs, with which neither President CLEVELAND nor any private citizen has any particular right to interfere."

This is in direct and contemptuous opposition to one of the most important and vehement declarations of the party platform, and to the views of the party press and orators. But all that the chief BLAINE organ can offer in explanation is to say, feebly:

> "Mr. BLAINE has not defended trusts, and has no intention of antagonizing the Republican platform on this question. He introduced the subject simply to refute the stock Democratic argument that protection breeds trusts. This he did very neatly by proving that England under free-trade is plastered over with trusts. That is all there is of it."

Not quite. Mr. BLAINE sneers at the idea of regarding trusts as dangerous. He will not venture to say that he thinks them disadvantageous. And whether they are or not, they are private affairs, and no business of the President or of anybody else. This is the chief point of his remarks, and this has nothing whatever to do with free-trade or protection. Whether they are or are not bred by protection, whether they are good or bad—and he will not say that they are bad—they are private affairs, and what are you going to do about it? But not only does Mr. BLAINE oppose his party in thus practically defending trusts, but he opposes the truth in saying that "England under her free-trade system is literally plastered over with trusts." The New York *Times* immediately instructed its English correspondent to ascertain the facts, and he reports that there are no trusts in England in our sense of the word. There are trade associations, but they cannot exact exorbitant prices, because foreign products are not excluded. This particular key-note is apparently out of tune.

Upon this point of trusts, as upon the other of tariff reduction, the President's views are simple, direct, and sensible, and all who support him are agreed. In speaking of the competition of domestic producers as tending to reduce prices, he says:

> "But it is notorious that this competition is too often strangled by combinations quite prevalent at this time, and frequently called trusts, which have for their object the regulation of the supply and price of commodities made and sold by members of the combination. The people can hardly hope for any consideration in the operation of these selfish schemes....The necessity of combination to maintain the price of any commodity to the tariff point furnishes proof that some one is willing to accept lower prices for such commodity, and that such prices are remunerative; and lower prices produced by competition prove the same thing. Thus where either of these conditions exists a case would seem to be presented for an easy reduction of taxation."

If trusts are private affairs, their agents have no business, as the Chicago *Tribune* says, to be haunting the lobby at Washington to secure legislation, and Congress has no right to bolster them by a high tariff. If we may suppose an administration of which Mr. BLAINE should be a member, or which should be in any way under his influence, it would be impossible to suppose it to be unfriendly to trusts. And if trusts may be supposed to have a candidate in this campaign, his name is certainly not Mr. CLEVELAND.

SOUND VIEWS.

> "GRAVE public questions confront us. There is a large, perilous, and increasing surplus in the revenue. It must be removed, not by needless and extravagant expenditures, not by abolishing the proper taxing of whiskey and tobacco, not by a stupid horizontal reduction for politics only; but by plain business methods, by freeing entirely those great necessaries of life that enter into the daily consumption of every household, and by wise and discriminating reductions, which will not only relieve the tax-payer, but will also encourage labor, and aid and strengthen industry, and extend our commerce."

These are not the words of the President, nor of any one of "that element which sought to destroy this nation." They are the words of Mr. HENRY CABOT LODGE, chairman of the Republican Committee of Massachusetts in 1884, and they were spoken in calling the State Convention to order.

> "There are only two ways to reduce the surplus revenue: one by raising the tariff to a prohibitory height, which nobody advocates; the other, the free list. The free list is the honest reformer's hope."

These, again, are not the words of President CLEVELAND, but of ex-Governor LONG, of Massachusetts, a Republican leader in that State.

> "Any tax or import duty which increases the price of these raw materials is a burden upon these skilled artisans and mechanics, or else a burden upon the consumers of their products."

It is not Mr. MILLS, of Texas, who says this, but Mr. ALLISON, of Iowa, in 1870, advocating a general reduction of twenty per cent., which he declared would not be "a full equivalent for the removal of all internal taxes on manufactures."

> "We want all those articles that enter as raw materials into the manufactures of the country free of duty, so that the country can stand on an equality in the markets of the world with the other nations of the world."

No, this is not Speaker CARLISLE, but Senator HENRY WILSON, and the same views were so universally accepted by the Republican party up to its Convention of 1884 that the Chicago *Tribune*, which supports the Republican nominations, "spits upon the platform" of this year as abandoning in its tariff plank the Republican doctrine. That platform declares that the party, rather than yield a single protective tax, would abandon what Mr. LODGE approved—the proper taxing of whiskey and tobacco. It would engage in what he calls needless and extravagant expenditures. It would refuse to free the great necessaries of life that enter into the daily consumption of every household. It would refuse wise and discriminating reductions which would not only relieve the tax-payer, but encourage labor, aid and strengthen industry, and extend our commerce; and Mr. LODGE, despite his words in 1884, would now help to do it.

But if his words and those of the other Republican leaders were true when they were spoken, they are true now. They declare principles of taxation and economy, and those principles have not changed. Unless Mr. LODGE and Governor LONG and Mr. ALLISON and President GARFIELD and Vice-President WILSON and other Republican leaders were free-traders, Mr. CLEVELAND is not a free-trader. Unless Mr. LODGE and his friends demanded free-trade in 1884, the friends of Mr. CLEVELAND do not demand free-trade in 1888. Unless the Republican leaders were willing in 1884 to ruin American industry for the benefit of British free-trade, the President and his supporters are not willing to effect that ruin in 1888. It is plain that if the President's message and the MILLS bill are the beginning of free-trade, the stanchest Republicans began it before them. It is Republicans who expose the folly of their own cry of free-trade against the Democrats in the present campaign. In speaking of the ratification meeting in Boston some time ago, the Springfield *Republican* put the situation tersely when it said:

> "It was little more than thirty years ago that HENRY WILSON, CHARLES SUMNER, and the other Representatives of Massachusetts in Congress spoke and voted in favor of reducing an average twenty-five per cent. tariff to one of eighteen and twenty per cent. Their political descendants last night at Boston denounced the proposed reduction of a forty-seven per cent. tariff to one of forty-two per cent. as meaning free-trade."

"The people of this country, sir," said an impassioned orator, "are not a fool."

THE SITUATION IN NEW YORK.

THE situation in New York is a difficult one for the Democratic party. The popular vote of the two great parties is very evenly divided in the State, and without its electoral vote the Democrats cannot elect the President. But with the aid of the independent vote, if they are wise, they will probably carry the State. That, indeed, would not elect him without the vote either of Indiana or that of Connecticut and New Jersey together. But the vote of those three States combined would be insufficient if that of New York should be lost. The difficulty of the situation arises from the proposed nomination of Governor HILL for a second term. The Governor's course has not commended him to the respect and confidence of the State. His "peanut politics" and his general lack of the qualities which befit the great office that he now holds justify the strong opposition which was offered to his election in 1885. The important measures introduced in the Legislature during his term he has generally opposed. The high license and ballot reform bills he has vetoed. He is the candidate favored by the liquor interest, and by various demagogic tricks he has sought to win the "labor vote." He engaged in the scandalous Aqueduct Commission "deal," and the revelations of the FASSETT committee leave him in a position shamefully unworthy of a Governor of New York. His hold upon a certain faction of his party consists in his constant asseveration that he is a Democrat, by which is apparently meant an unscrupulous and intriguing politician.

The Governor's importance in the present situation is due to the fact that he is the representative of the Democratic opposition in the State to President CLEVELAND. "I am a Democrat" signifies that the President is not a Democrat, and the discontent which for many reasons, usually of a mercenary kind, always exists in the party of administration rallies about Governor HILL. The State Convention of his party is about to meet, and the Governor and his friends desire his nomination. The only reason that the proposition is treated seriously is the well-founded apprehension that if he should not be nominated his friends would revenge themselves by "knifing" Mr. CLEVELAND at the polls. The suggestion that if he should lose the nomination he is really so unimportant a person that nobody would care to avenge him is not sound. The party feeling against Mr. CLEVELAND requires only such an excuse for mischief as the Governor's defeat in the Convention would supply. Yet if he should be nominated, he could not command the whole vote of his party, and he would certainly not get the independent vote. Moreover, the adoption of the Governor as a candidate by the Democratic party would go so far to justify the conviction that HILL rather than CLEVELAND is the real representative of the party that the support of CLEVELAND would be seriously weakened. If the Republican party is to be judged by its enthusiastic adoption of Mr. BLAINE as its representative, the Democratic party in New York adopting Governor HILL, in the full face of all the facts, would be judged by its deliberate choice.

His nomination, therefore, cannot be held to be "good politics," unless disgust in his own party, and the alienation of independent voters, and the weakening of Mr. CLEVELAND's support, are good politics. To this the reply is made that there will be also a party breach if he should be rejected as the candidate, nor even if he should be nominated is there any confidence in the good faith of his faction toward the President. This is the dilemma for progressive Democrats. It is a difficult one, because in State politics the Governor has apparently represented his party. As we pointed out during the session of last winter, the measures which the intelligence of the State approved were generally opposed by the Democratic members of the Legislature. They strengthened the Governor's position, and if he is now a marplot, they may thank themselves.

THE ORDEAL OF HAND-SHAKING.

General Harrison has earned his vacation. How many delegations he has received since his nomination, how many hands he has shaken, and how many speeches he has made, we do not know. But scarcely a day has passed that a party of idle and curious strangers has not called upon him and compelled him to undergo the ordeal of hand-shaking and speech-making, and he has acquitted himself with great good-humor. Major Jack Downing tells us that when General Jackson was exhausted with shaking the hands of the faithful, and lay panting upon the sofa, he, the Major, thrust his arm under the General's and continued to shake for him. That General Harrison has been reduced to this extremity does not appear. But if strangers have not the courtesy to refrain from invading his house, he ought certainly to be defended by his friends, or to defend himself. Because a man is nominated for the Presidency he does not forfeit the rights of a private citizen. He has still his own business to care for until he is summoned to relinquish it for the public business, and as all those who call upon a candidate are presumably interested both in his health and his election, they ought to spare him all unnecessary fatigue, and especially not to wish him to make speeches or to write letters.

These two performances are considered to be very hazardous for a candidate. Mr. Clay is popularly thought to have defeated himself in 1844 by his letter stating that he would be "glad to see" the annexation of Texas at some future time, and Mr. Van Buren's guarded letter upon the same subject prevented his nomination in the same year. The present chairman of the Republican National Committee is said to have advised a candidate for the Governorship of Pennsylvania not to talk. When Mr. Buchanan was nominated for the Presidency he declined to make speeches, saying that he stood upon the platform. The trouble with a candidate's speeches is the exhausting effort to say nothing. The danger is that he may happen to say something. To shake hands every day with several hundred people whom he does not know or care for, and to speak several hundred words without saying anything, is a wholly unnecessary torture for a Presidential candidate, not to mention the risk to his health, his election, and his reputation.

In this campaign the opposing candidate to General Harrison, the President, is not subjected to this senseless annoyance. He is left, as General Harrison should be left, to the quiet discharge of his duties. If there should be such an inroad of deputations and delegations of curious idlers upon the President as upon his competitor, he would be compelled in the interests of the public to deny himself. General Harrison as a hospitable gentleman would, of course, find it very difficult to refuse to see a delegation of his political friends, although they might come simply to stare; but all intelligent and reasonable persons should protect him by refusing to go. When his grandfather was on his way to Washington to be inaugurated it was said that there was danger of his not surviving the tremendous hand-shaking to which he was exposed, and when he reached Washington he succumbed to the more resolute pressure of the office-seekers. If General Harrison, in the event of his election, proposes to withstand the same pressure, it would be well for him to begin now to accustom himself to resistance. General Washington at his official levees declined to shake hands, and apparently his successors must return to his practice if they mean to do anything else.

OCEAN PENNY POSTAGE.

A question of general interest has been discussed for some time with great intelligence and force by Mr. J. Henniker Heaton, member of Parliament for Canterbury. Mr. Heaton lived for some years in Australia, where he has large interests, and he points out the vital importance of cheap postal and telegraphic communication as a basis of empire. In a paper read a few months since before the Royal Colonial Institute he controverts Burke's theory that the ocean is an insuperable obstacle to the permanent unity of the British Empire, holding that railroads, telegraphs, and cheap postage will soon have practically put a girdle round the earth entirely through British territory. The figures with which Mr. Heaton deals are imposing. The Queen reigns over 40,000,000 at home—and 270,000,000 in the colonies nearly a third of the total population of the globe. The imperial revenue is in our money a thousand millions of dollars, of which the British Isles contribute only four hundred and fifty millions. English manufacturers sell every year to the colonies merchandise valued at seven hundred and sixty-five millions of dollars, and goods of five hundred and ninety millions of dollars in value are imported. More than six millions are remitted every year to the old country by emigrants. More than a hundred thousand seamen man some five hundred ships of war, and as many steam-clippers, available as cruisers and transports in war, are supported by the colonial trade.

The volume of the postal business between Great Britain and the Australian colonies consisted in 1885 of 3,500,000 letters, 900,000 books, and 5,570,000 newspapers. But this is under a harshly repressive postal tariff. The letter postage to Australia is sixpence for half an ounce in weight, or very nearly nine thousand dollars per ton. But the freight of ordinary goods is only forty shillings per ton, or less than five pounds for a penny. There are thirty-two letters to the pound, and the postage upon them at one penny would be two-and-eightpence. Deduct one shilling per pound for carriage, and there remains one-and-eightpence for collection, delivery, and other incidental expenses. The consequence of the high postage is the infrequency of letters. Constant correspondence languishes, the tie between the colony and the mother-country is weakened, and the intimate union of the empire declines. Mr. Heaton shows the confusion and inconsistency of much of the present postal arrangement, and argues strongly that financially and administratively the cheapening of postage is practicable even with enormous subsidies to the shipping companies. But these subsidies, he thinks, must sooner or later be abolished, while the general desire of the colonies and of the mother-country for a reduction of postage is very great, and in the common interest of the empire should be gratified.

Mr. Heaton's general argument proceeds upon the ground of Rowland Hill's great reform, that the decrease of postage increases in larger proportion the volume of correspondence, and that such increase for every reason is desirable. He shows that while a loss of one hundred thousand dollars in postal receipts is feared, more than five times that amount is wasted, by the officers who fear the loss, in unnecessary subsidies. Mr. Heaton has mastered the subject, and he urges his plea with a copiousness of knowledge and a force and enthusiasm which are the earnest of success. His hope is for universal penny ocean postage, and in a speech in Parliament he quotes an American letter which asserts that a penny post between America and England would pay well, as it is not more expensive to send a letter from London to New York than from London to Scotland.

HELPING HIMSELF.

The remark attributed to some of the Democratic supporters of Mr. Cleveland, that he does not help himself, is interpreted in this part of the country to mean that he does not turn out the Postmaster of New York, a most satisfactory, efficient, and experienced public officer, and appoint a Democratic politician in his place. This remark might have proceeded from the Democratic Senator Vance, of North Carolina, who is reported to have said, "When I fight a man and lick him, his scalp is mine," which is the barbaric version of Senator Marcy's great principle of statesmanship, "To the victor belong the spoils of his enemy."

It is one of the encouraging signs of the progress of sound views of the public service that the remark of Senator Vance produces only a smile of contempt from intelligent men, and that the removal of a conspicuously competent officer like Mr. Pearson, merely to satisfy those who hold with Senator Vance, would be regarded by the country as a serious offence, and might easily defeat the re-election of the President.

We do not intend to suggest that such an act has ever been considered by the President, although undoubtedly it has been seriously urged by some of the managers of his party. If, as ex-Governor Chamberlain says, his failures and shortcomings are due plainly to the adverse influences of his party, yet also nothing is more creditable in his administration than the steady resistance which he has offered to such propositions as the removal of the New York Postmaster. This constant withstanding of evil counsels is unseen and untrumpeted, but it is a test of the quality which commends the President to public confidence.

LONDON FIFTY YEARS AGO.

Walter Besant's *Fifty Years Ago*, which is just published by the Harpers in a handsome volume, is a very entertaining book. It is a picture of London life in all its aspects in 1837, the year of the accession of Queen Victoria, and its abundant and various illustrations of persons and places add much to its interest. The illustrations are by Cruikshank and other artists, and include many of the sketches in *Fraser's Magazine* by "Alfred Croquis" of the conspicuous literary and political figures of the time.

Mr. Besant's quick eye and ready pen reproduce the form and pressure of the period very vividly, and in turning his pages the reader perceives how much of the England which is familiar to him in tradition and literature has passed away. He quotes from a book which is entirely unknown to the reader of to-day, Grant's *Random Recollections of the House of Commons*, and his *Great Metropolis*—books of a kind which acquire a singular interest and value from the lapse of time. They are clever descriptions of contemporary life, and are invaluable to the historian as photographs.

Mr. Besant's book is an illustration of the desirability of making carefully such a contemporary record. A picture of the New York of to-day, containing the details and descriptions of things so familiar that nobody thinks to preserve them, would be of very great interest half a century and a century hence. This is shown by the avidity with which clever private memoirs and letters are read. And the secret of Macaulay's charm as a historian lies largely in the skill with which he treats the details that memoirs and letters and books like Grant's preserve. His famous chapter upon manners and customs is made up of such material gathered from a myriad forgotten contemporary descriptions.

THE SARATOGA MONUMENT.

The annual meeting of the trustees of the Saratoga Monument was held on the 14th of August at the United States Hotel in Saratoga, and the president, the Hon. John H. Starin, submitted a report stating in detail the manner in which the Congressional appropriation of $40,000 had been expended. The apex of the monument was shattered by lightning in June of this year, but the injury has been repaired. The work is now substantially completed, and the monument will be formally dedicated next year, probably on the anniversary of Burgoyne's surrender.

The secretary, Mr. W. L. Stone, whose labors have been indefatigable, stated in his report that the Congressional appropriation for the dedication would be probably granted, and he read a letter from Mr. John J. Dalgleish, of Edinburgh, whose grandfather was in the battle, describing a recent visit to Nymwegen, the Dutch port from which Pausch embarked with the Hesse-Hanau artillery. He was a conspicuous figure in the battle, and was included in the surrender. The State of New York owes much to the interest and activity, in this memorial enterprise, of Mr. Starin, who has discharged a difficult duty with untiring fidelity and ability. It is largely due to him that the most interesting and important Revolutionary field in the State, upon which the war finally turned in favor of the Colonies, is now properly distinguished by an adequate monument.

Horatio Seymour, the first president of the association, was also deeply interested in the work, as in every movement which tended to promote a just sense of local pride in his native State; and among the trustees who have died during the year the Secretary spoke fittingly of Mr. Joseph H. Drexel and Mr. Algernon S. Sullivan. The ceremony of dedication next year will be doubtless of great interest, as the event commemorated is of the highest national significance.

PERSONAL.

A memorial of St. Paul—an orphan asylum—is to be established in his native town of Tarsus. Americans are its projectors, and the Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby is at the head of the philanthropic scheme.

—St. Louis's richest citizen is Samuel C. Davis, who has grown from a poor Yankee lad to be a millionnaire twenty times over.

—It is said that the remains of Stephen A. Douglas remain as life-like to-day as when they were interred in their air-tight casket twenty-seven years ago.

—Senator Ingalls, while presiding over the Senate, makes use of the old-fashioned time glass to measure the five-minute speeches of the national orators, a Senator beginning his speech with the glass full of sand, and he has to stop when the bulb is empty.

—Melville Dennon, of Dakota, with red hair and scattered features, is declared by his friends to be the homeliest man in the land. But Mr. Dennon manages to have a pretty fair time; he has $5,000,000 in cash, and ranches with 100,000 cattle of his own.

—Madame Moreau, who died a week or two ago in Paris, made over $100,000 by fortune-telling.

—Lucy Stone, whose advocacy of "woman's rights" used to make the public press and the lecture platform lively, has just celebrated her seventieth birthday, and is enjoying her hale old age.

—Though the Empress of Russia has a houseful of seamstresses, she makes nearly all the clothes for her youngest children herself.

—John Barnes, of St. Paul, who has been playing base-ball for a living, has just come into a fortune and a castle over in Ireland, where a rich uncle dying has shown this appreciation of our national game.

—Sir Charles Russell, who just now is England's foremost counsel at the bar, charges three guineas a minute for the time he spends in court; and he never seems to be in much of a hurry either.

—Samuel Henderson, one of the celebrated pilots in Southern waters, died the other day at Mobile, and was buried in a coffin that he made for himself fifteen years ago, having kept it ever since in his bedroom. Yet he was a cheery old tar, noted for his jolly stories, one of the last men to be suspected of a weakness for coffins.

—M. Pasteur's fame as the curer of hydrophobia has brought him so much work that he rarely gets an hour for personal pleasure or rest. He is credited, too, with a rapid rise in wealth.

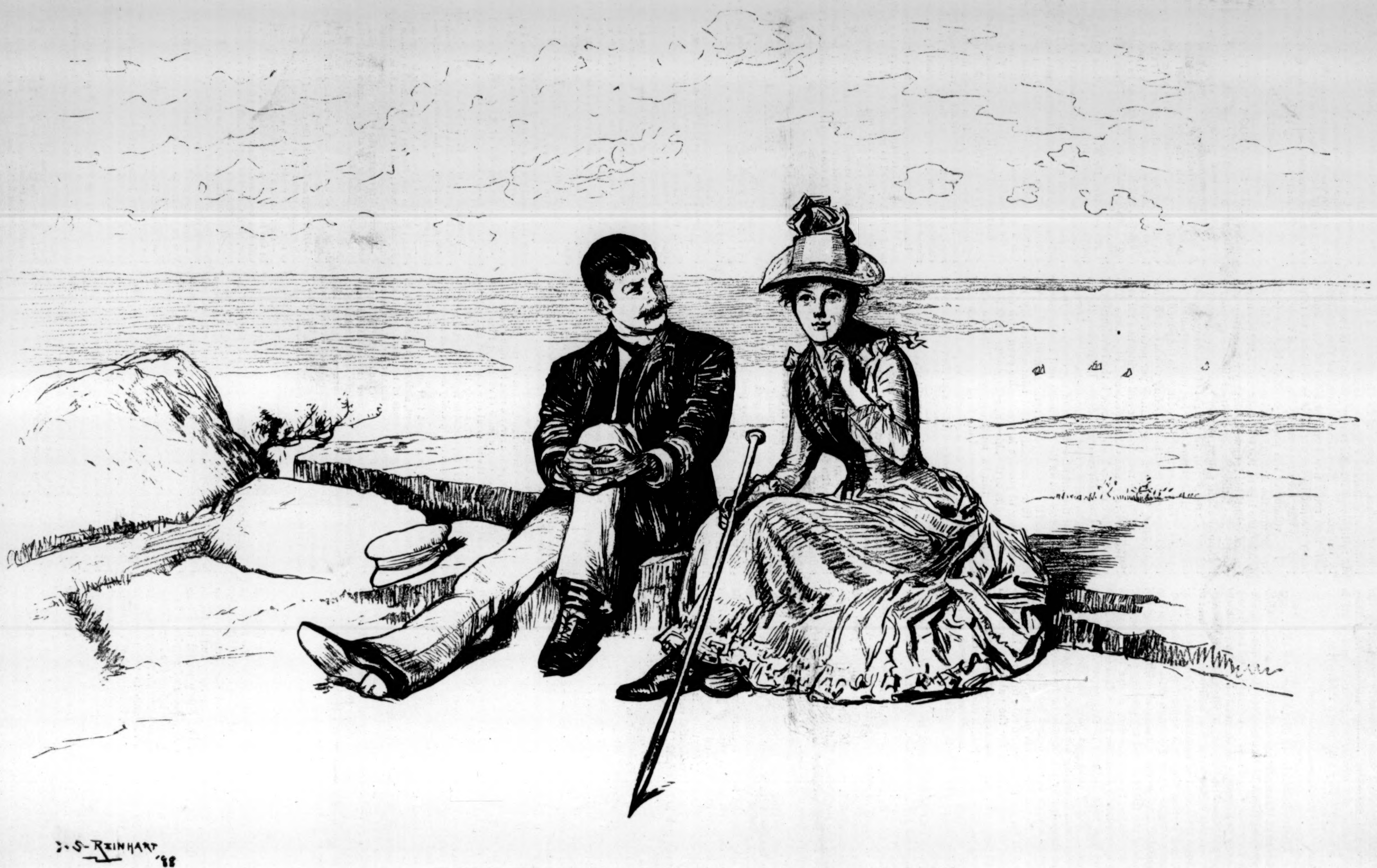
—John McCune is the biggest oil producer in America. When he was twenty years old he landed at Castle Garden from Ireland with less than five dollars in his pocket. He has $10,000,000 now, all made out of opportunities he saw and grasped in Pennsylvania's petroleum fields.

—President Cleveland brings so much business method to bear upon the routine of his office that it is said that every letter he receives is answered within twenty-four hours after its arrival.

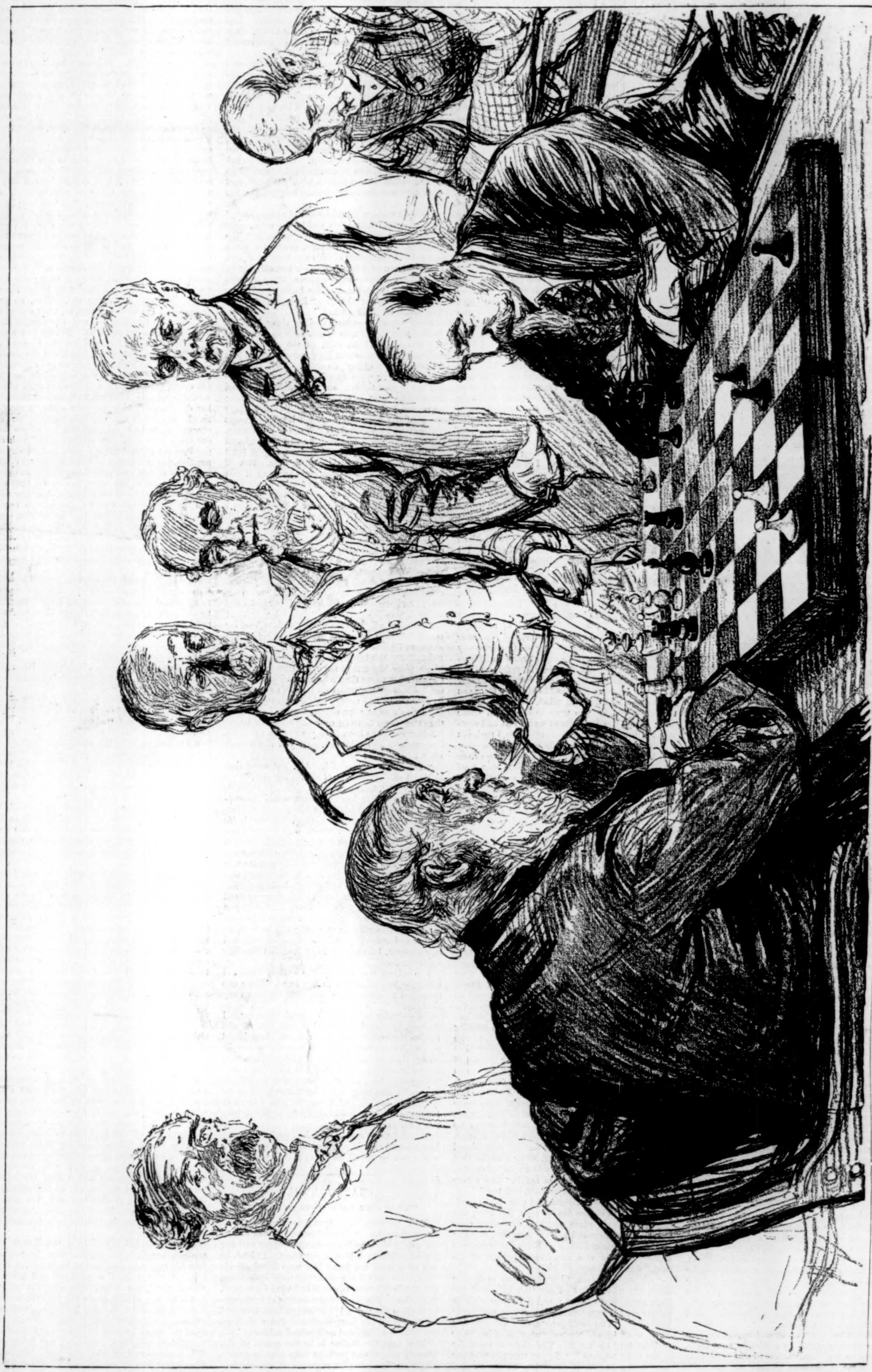
—Germany's new Emperor has the visiting fever well developed. Now he promises to go to London in all his glory before the end of the year.

—Frederick William Janssen, well known in athletic circles, has lately compiled a volume relating to amateur athletics in America. It is interesting to note the hold that such sports have in this country, and even to the initiated the records that have been made in the past few years in running and jumping are very surprising.

—Countess von Waldersee, wife of the recently appointed Chief of the General Staff of the German army, Count von Waldersee, claims the present Empress of Germany as a grand niece by marriage; for the first husband of the Countess, Prince Frederick von Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Augustenburg, Prince von Noër, was brother to the grandfather of the Empress Augusta Victoria. In marrying a second time Countess von Waldersee followed the example of her first husband, who was a widower. His first wife, Henrietta, Countess von Daneskiold-Samsöe, died in 1858.


C. S. REINHART '88

ON TOP OF NEWPORT MOUNTAIN, MOUNT DESERT.—Drawn by C. S. Reinhart.—[See Page 651.]



AT THE METROPOLITAN CLUB, WASHINGTON, D.C.—Drawn by Paul Renouard.—[See Page 651.]

COLONEL QUARITCH, V.C.*

By H. RIDER HAGGARD,

Author of "She," "King Solomon's Mines," "Allan Quatermain," etc.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE TIGRESS IN HER DEN.

Presently a hansom-cab came rattling down the street and pulled up at the door.

"Now for it," said Mr. Quest to himself, as he metaphorically shook himself together.

Next minute he heard a voice, which he knew only too well—a loud, high voice—say from the cab, "Well, open the door, stupid, can't you?"

"Certainly, my lady fair," replied another voice—a coarse, somewhat husky male voice—"adored Edithia, in one moment."

"Come, stow that rot and let me out," replied the adored Edithia, sharply; and in another moment a large man in evening clothes, a horribly vulgar, carnal-looking man, with red cheeks and a hanging underlip, emerged into the lamp-light and turned to hand the lady out. As he did so, the woman Ellen advanced from the doorway, and going to the cab door, whispered something to its occupant.

"Hullo, Johnnie," said that lady, as she descended from the cab, so loudly that Mr. Quest on the balcony could hear every word, "you must be off; Mr. D'Aubigné has turned up, and perhaps he won't think three good company, so you had just best take this cab back again, my son, and that will save me the trouble of paying it. Come, cut."

"D'Aubigné," growled the flashy man, with an oath; "what do I care about D'Aubigné? Advance, D'Aubigné, and all's well! You needn't be jealous of me: I'm a married man. I am—"

"Now stop that noise and be off. He's a lawyer, and he might not freeze on to you; don't you understand?"

"Well, I'm a lawyer too, and a pretty sharp one—*arcades ambo*," said Johnnie, with a coarse laugh; "and I tell you what it is, Edith, it ain't good enough to cart a fellow down into this howling wilderness and then send him away without even a drink; lend us another fiver at any rate. It ain't good enough, I say."

"Good enough or not you'll have to go, and you don't get any fivers out of me to-night. Now pack sharp, or I'll know the reason why," and she pointed toward the cab in a fashion that seemed to cow her companion, for without another word he turned and got into it.

"Where to, sir?" said the cabman.

"Oh, to hell or the Haymarket, it's all one!" he growled, flinging himself back into the corner. In another moment the cab had turned, and he was gone, muttering curses as he went.

The woman, who was none other than Mrs. D'Aubigné, *alias* Edith Jones, *alias* the Tiger, turned and entered the house, accompanied by her servant Ellen, and presently Mr. Quest heard the rustle of her satin dress upon the stairs. He stepped back into the darkness of the balcony and waited. She opened the door, entered, and closed it behind her, and then, a little dazzled by the light, stood for some seconds looking about for her visitor. She was a thin, tall woman, who might have been any age between forty and fifty, with the wrecks of a very fine, agile-looking figure. Her face, which was plentifully bedaubed with paint and powder, was sharp, fierce, and handsome, and crowned with a mane of false yellow hair. Her eyes were cold and blue, her lips thin and rather drawn, so as to show a double line of large and gleaming teeth. She was dressed in a rich and hideous tight-fitting gown of yellow satin, barred with black, and on her arms were long bright yellow gloves. She moved lightly and silently, and looked round her with a long, searching gaze like that of a cat, and her general appearance conveyed an idea of hunger and wicked ferocity. Such was the outward appearance of the Tiger, and of a truth it justified her name. "Why, where the dickens has he got to?" she said, aloud. "I wonder if he has given me the slip?"

"Here I am, Edith," said Mr. Quest, quietly, as he stepped from the balcony into the room.

"Oh, there you are, are you?" she said, "hiding away in the dark—just like your nasty mean ways! Well, my long-lost one, so you have come home at last, and brought the tin with you. Well, give us a kiss," and she advanced on him with her long arms outspread.

Mr. Quest shivered visibly, and stretching out his hand, stopped her from coming near him.

"No, thank you," he said; "I don't like paint."

The taunt stopped her, and for a moment an evil light shone in her cold eyes.

"No wonder I have to paint," she said, "when I am so worn out with poverty and hard work—not like the lovely Mrs. Q., who has nothing to do all day except spend the money that I ought to have. I'll tell you what it is, my fine fellow: you had better be careful, or I'll have that pretty cuckoo out of her soft nest, and pluck her borrowed feathers off her, like the monkey did to the parrot."

"Perhaps you had better stop that talk, and come to business. I am in no mood for this sort of thing, Edith," and he turned round, shut the window, and drew the blind.

"Oh, all right; I'm agreeable, I'm sure. Stop a bit, though—I must have a brandy and soda first. I am as dry as a lime-kiln, and so would you be if you had to sing comic songs at a music hall for a living. There, that's better," and she put down the empty glass and threw herself on to the sofa. "Now, then, tune up as much as you like. How much tin have you brought?"

Mr. Quest sat down by the table, and then, as though suddenly struck by a thought, rose again, and going to the door, opened it, and looked out into the passage. There was nobody there, so he shut the door again, locked it, and then, under cover of drawing the curtain which hung over it, slipped the key into his pocket.

"What are you at there?" said the woman, suspiciously.

"I was just looking to see that Ellen was not at the key-hole, that's all. It would not be the first time that I have caught her there."

"Just like your nasty low ways again," she said. "You've got some game on. I'll be bound that you have got some game on."

Mr. Quest seated himself again, and without taking any notice of this last remark, began the conversation.

"I have brought you two hundred and fifty pounds," he said.

"Two hundred and fifty pounds!" she said, jumping up with a savage laugh. "No, my boy, you don't get off for that, if I know it. Why, I owe all that at this moment."

"You had better sit down and be quiet," he said, "or you will not get two hundred and fifty pence. In your own interest I recommend you to sit down."

There was something about the man's voice and manner that scared the female savage before him, fierce as she was, and she sat down.

"Listen," he went on. "You are continually complaining of poverty; I come to your house—your house, mind you, not your rooms—and I find the *débris* of a card party lying about. I see champagne bottles freshly opened there in the corner. I see a dressing-gown on the sofa that must have cost twenty or thirty pounds. I hear some brute associate of yours out in the street asking you to lend him another 'fiver.' You complain of poverty, and you have had over four hundred pounds from me this year alone, and I know that you earn twelve pounds a week at the music hall, and not five, as you say. No, do not trouble to lie to me, for I have made inquiries."

"Spying again," said the woman, with a sneer.

"Yes, spying, if you like; but there it is. And now to the point: I am not going on supplying you with money at this rate. I cannot do it, and I will not do it. I am going to give you two hundred and fifty pounds now, and as much every year, and not one farthing more."

Once more she sat up. "You must be mad," she said, in a tone that sounded more like a snarl than a human voice. "Are you such a fool as to believe that I will be put off with two hundred and fifty pounds a year—I, your legal wife? I'll have you in the dock first, in the dock for bigamy."

"Yes," he answered, "I do believe it, for a reason that I shall give you presently. But first I want to go through our joint history, very briefly, just to justify myself, if you like. Five-and-twenty years ago, or was it six-and-twenty, I was a boy of eighteen and you were a woman of twenty, a house-maid in my mother's house, and you made love to me. Then my mother was called away to nurse my brother, who died at school at Portsmouth, and I fell sick with scarlet-fever, and you nursed me through it—it would have been kinder if you had poisoned me—and in my weak state you got a great hold over my mind, and I became attached to you, for you were handsome in those days. Then you dared me to marry you, and partly out of bravado, partly from affection, I took out a license, to do which I made a false declaration that I was over age, and gave a false name of the parishes in which we resided. Next day, half tipsy and not knowing what I did, I went through the form of marriage with you, and a few days afterward my mother returned, observed that we were unduly intimate, and dismissed you. You went without a word as to our marriage, which we both looked on as a farce, and for years I lost sight of you. Fifteen years afterward, when I had almost forgotten this adventure of my youth, I became acquainted with a young lady with whom I fell in love, and whose fortune, though not large, was enough to help me considerably in my profession as a country lawyer, in which I was doing well. I thought that you were dead, or that, if you lived, the fact of my having made the false declaration of age and locality would be enough to invalidate the marriage, as would certainly have been the case if I had also made a false declaration of names; and my impulses and interests prompting me to take the risk, I married that lady. Then it was that you hunted me down, and then for the first time I did what I ought to have done before, and took the best legal opinions as to the validity of the former marriage, which, to my horror, I found was undoubtedly a binding one. You also took opinions, and came to the same conclusion. Since then the history has been a simple one. Out of my wife's fortune of ten thousand pounds I paid you no less than seven thousand as hush-money, on your undertaking to leave this country for America, and never return here again. I should have done better to face it out, but I feared to lose my position and practice. You left, and wrote to me that you too had married in Chicago, but in eighteen months you returned, having squandered every farthing of the money, when I found that the story of your marriage was an impudent lie."

"Yes," she put in with a laugh, "and a rare time I had with that seven thousand, too."

"You returned and demanded more black-mail, and I had no choice but to give, and give, and give. In eleven years you had something over twenty-three thousand pounds from me, and you continually demand more. I believe that you will admit that that is a truthful statement of the case," and he paused.

"Oh yes," she said, "I am not going to dispute that; but what then? I am your wife, and you have committed bigamy; and if you don't go on paying me I'll have you in jail, and that's all about it, old boy. You can't get out of it any way, you nasty, mean brute," she went on, raising her voice and drawing up her thin lips so as to show the white teeth beneath. "So you thought that you were going to play it down low on me in that fashion, did you? Well, you've just made a little mistake for once in your life, and I'll tell you what it is, you shall smart for it. I'll teach you what it is to leave your lawful wife to starve while you go and live with another woman in luxury. You can't help yourself; I can ruin you if I like. Supposing I go to a magistrate and ask for a warrant? What can you do to keep me quiet?"

Suddenly the virago stopped as though she were shot, and her fierce countenance froze into an appearance of terror, as well it might. Mr. Quest, who had been sitting listening to her with his hand over his eyes, had risen, and his face was as the face of a fiend, alight with an intense and quiet fury which seemed to be burning inwardly. On the mantel-piece lay a sharp-pointed Goorka knife, which one of Mrs. D'Aubigné's admirers, who had travelled, had presented to her. It was an awful-looking weapon, and keen-edged as a razor. This he had taken up and held in his right hand, and with it he was advancing toward her, lying on the sofa.

"If you make a sound I will kill you at once," he said, speaking in a low and husky voice.

She had been paralyzed with terror, for, like most bullies, male and female, she was a great coward; but the sound of his voice roused her, and the first note of a harsh screech had already issued from her lips, when he sprang upon her, and placing the sharp point of the knife against her throat, pricked her with it. "Be quiet," he said, "or you are a dead woman."

She stopped screaming, and lay there, her face twitching, and her eyes bright with terror.

"Now, listen," he said, in the same husky voice. "You incarnate fiend, you asked me just now how I could keep you quiet. I will tell you: I can keep you quiet by running this knife up to the hilt in your throat," and once more he pricked her with its point. "It would be murder," he went on; "but I do not care for that. You and others between you have not made my life so pleasant for me that I am especially anxious to preserve it. Now listen. I will give you the two hundred and fifty pounds that I have brought, and you shall have two hundred and fifty a year. But if you ever again attempt to extort more, or if you molest me, either by spreading stories against my character or by means of legal prosecution, or in any other way, I swear by the Almighty that I will murder you. I may have to kill myself afterward—I don't care if I do, provided I kill you first. Do you understand me? you tiger, as you call yourself. If I have to hunt you down as they do tigers, I will come up with you at last, and *kill* you. You have driven me to it, and, by Heaven! I will! Come, speak up, and tell me that you understand, or I may change my mind and do it now," and once more he touched her with the knife.

She rolled off the sofa on to the floor, and lay there, writhing in abject terror, looking in the shadow of the table, where her long lithe form was twisting about in its robe of yellow barred with black, more like one of the great cats from which she took her name than a human being. "Spare me," she gasped—"spare me; I don't want to die. I swear that I will never meddle with you again."

"I don't want your oaths, woman," answered the stern form bending over her with the knife. "A liar you have been from your youth up and a liar you will be to the end. Do you understand what I have said?"

"Yes, yes, I understand. Ah! put away that knife; I can't bear it! It makes me sick."

"Very well, then; get up."

She tried to rise, but her knees would not support her, so she sat upon the floor.

"Now," said Mr. Quest, replacing the knife upon the mantel-piece, "here is your money," and he flung a bag of notes and gold into her lap, at which she clutched eagerly and almost automatically. "The two hundred and fifty pounds will be paid on the 1st of January in each year, and not one farthing more will you get from me. Remember what I tell you: try to molest me by word or act, and you are a dead woman; I forbid you even to write to me. Now go to the devil in your own way," and without another word he took up his hat and umbrella, walked to the door, unlocked it, and went, leaving the Tiger huddled together upon the floor.

For half an hour or more the woman remained thus, the bag of money in her hand. Then she struggled to her feet, her face livid and her body shaking.

"Ugh," she said, "I'm as weak as a cat. I thought he meant to do it that time, and he will too, for sixpence. He's got me there. I am afraid to die. I can't bear to die. It is better to lose the money than to die. Besides, if I blow on him he'll be put in chokey, and I sha'n't be able to get anything out of him, and when he comes out he'll do for me." And then, losing her temper, she shook her fist in the air, and broke out into a flood of language such as would neither be pretty to hear nor good to repeat.

Mr. Quest was a man of judgment. At last he had realized that in one way, and one only, can a wild beast be tamed, and that is by terror.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"WHAT SOME HAVE FOUND SO SWEET."

Time went on. Mr. Quest had been back at Boisingham for ten days or more, and was in better spirits than Belle (we can no longer call her his wife) had seen him in for years. Indeed, he felt as though ten years had been lifted off his back. He had taken a great and terrible decision, and had acted upon it, and it had been successful, for he knew that his evil genius was so thoroughly terrified that for a long while at least he would be free from her persecutions. But with Belle his relations remained as strained as ever.

Now that the reader is in the secret of Mr. Quest's life, it will perhaps help him to understand the apparent strangeness of his conduct with reference to his wife and Edward Cossey. It is quite true that Belle did not know the full extent of her husband's guilt. She did not know that he was not her husband, but she did know that nearly all of her little fortune had been paid over to another woman, and that woman a common, vulgar woman, as one of Edith's letters, which had fallen into her hands by chance, very clearly showed her. Therefore had he attempted to expose her proceedings, or even to control her actions, she had in her hand an effective weapon of defence wherewith she could and would have given blow for blow. This state of affairs of necessity forced each party to preserve an armed neutrality toward the other, whilst they waited for a suitable opportunity to assert themselves. Not that their objects were quite the same. Belle merely wished to be free of her husband, whom she had always disliked, and whom she now positively hated, with that curious hatred which women occasionally conceive toward those to whom they are legally bound, when they have been bad enough or unfortunate enough to fall in love with somebody else. He, on the contrary, had that desire for revenge upon her which even the gentler stamp of man is apt to conceive toward one who, herself the object of his strong affection, daily and hourly repels and repays it with scorn and infidelity. He did love her truly; she was the one living thing in all his bitter lonely life to whom his heart had gone out. True, he put pressure on her to marry him, or, what comes to the same thing, allowed and encouraged her drunken old father to do so. But he had loved her and still loved her, and yet she mocked at him, and in the face of that fact about the money—her money, which he had paid away to the other woman—a fact which it was impossible for him to explain except by the admission of guilt which would be his ruin, what was he to urge to convince her of this, even had she been open to conviction? But it was bitter to him, bitter beyond all conception, to have this, the one joy of his life, snatched from him. He threw himself with ardor into the pursuit after wealth and dignity of position, partly because he had a legitimate desire for these things, and partly to assuage the constant irritation of his mind, but to no purpose. These two spectres of his existence, his tiger wife and the fair woman who was his wife in name, constantly marched side by side before him, blotting out the beauty from every scene and souring the sweetness of every joy. But if in his pain he thirsted for revenge upon Belle, who would have none of him, how much more did he desire to be avenged upon Edward Cossey, who, as it were, had in sheer wantonness robbed him of the one good thing he had! It made him mad to think that this man, to whom he knew himself to be in every way superior, should have had the power thus to injure him, and he longed to pay him back measure for measure, and through *his* heart's affections to strike him as mortal a blow as he had himself received.

Mr. Quest was no doubt a bad man. His whole life was a fraud; he was selfish and unscrupulous in his schemes and relentless in their execution; but whatever may have been the measure of his iniquities, he was not doomed to wait for another world to have them meted out to him again. His life, indeed, was full of miseries, the more keenly felt because of the high pitch and capacity of his nature, and perhaps the sharpest of them all was the sickening knowledge that had it not been for that one fatal error of his boyhood, that one false step down the steep of Avernus, he might have been a good and even a great man.

Just now, however, his load was a little lightened, and he was able to devote himself to his money-making, and to the weaving of the web that was to destroy his rival, Edward Cossey, with a mind a little less preoccupied with other cares.

Meanwhile things at the castle were going very pleasantly for everybody. The Squire was as happy in attending to the various details connected with the transfer of the mortgages as though he had been lending thirty thousand pounds instead of borrowing it. The great George was happy in the unaccustomed flow of borrowed cash, that enabled him to treat Janter with a lofty scorn not unmingled with pity, which was as balm to his harassed soul, and also to transact an enormous amount of business in his own peculiar way with men up trees and otherwise, for had he not to stock the Moat Farm, and was not Michaelmas at hand?

Ida, too, was happy, happier than she had been since her brother's death, for reasons that have already been hinted at. Besides, Mr. Edward Cossey was out of the way, and that to Ida was a very great thing, for his presence to her was what a policeman is to a ticket-of-leave man—a most unpleasant and suggestive sight. She fully realized the meaning and extent of the bargain into which she had entered to save her father and her house, and there lay upon her the deep shadow of evil that was to come. Every time she saw her father bustling about with his business letters and his parchments, every time the universal George arrived with an air of melancholy satisfaction and a long list of the farming stock and implements he had bought at some neighboring Michaelmas sale, the shadow deepened, and she heard the clanking of her chains. Therefore she was the more thankful for her respite.

Harold Quaritch was happy too, though in a somewhat restless and peculiar way. Mrs. Jobson (the old lady who attended to his wants at Molehill, with the help of a gardener and a simple village maid, her niece, who smashed all the crockery and nearly drove the Colonel mad by banging the doors, shifting his papers, and even dusting his trays of Roman coins) actually confided to some friends in the village that she thought the poor dear gentleman was going mad. When questioned on what she based this belief, she replied that he would walk up and down the oak-panelled dining-room by the hour together, that then, when he got tired of that exercise, whereby, said Mrs. Jobson, he had already worn a groove in the new Turkey carpet, he would take out a "rokey" (foggy) looking bit of a picture, and set it upon a chair, and stare at it through his fingers, shaking his head and muttering all the while. Then—further and conclusive proof of a yielding intellect—he would get a half-sheet of paper with some writing on it, and put it on the mantel-piece and stare at that. Next he would turn it upside down and stare at it so, then sideways, then all ways, then he would hold it before a looking-glass and stare at the looking-glass, and so on. When asked how she knew all this, she confessed that Jane had seen it through the keyhole, not once, but often.

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* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1646.

Of course, as the practised and discerning reader will clearly understand, this meant only that when walking and wearing out the carpet the Colonel was thinking of Ida; when contemplating the painting that she had given him, he was admiring her work, and trying to reconcile his admiration with his own conscience and his somewhat peculiar views of art; and that when glaring at the paper, he was vainly endeavoring to make head or tail of the message written to his son on the night before his execution by Sir James De la Molle in the reign of Charles I., and confidently believed by Ida to contain a key to the whereabouts of the treasure he was supposed to have secreted.

Of course the tale of this worthy soul, Mrs. Jobson, did not lose in the telling; and when it reached Ida's ears, which it did at last, through the medium of George—for, in addition to his numberless other functions, George was the sole authorized purveyor of village and country news—it read that Colonel Quaritch had gone raving mad.

Ten minutes afterward this raving lunatic arrived at the castle in his dress clothes and his right mind, whereon Ida promptly repeated her thrilling history, somewhat to the subsequent discomfort of Mrs. Jobson and Jane.

No one, as somebody once said with equal truth and profundity, knows what a minute may bring forth, much less, therefore, does anybody know what an evening of, say, two hundred and forty minutes may produce. For instance, Harold Quaritch—though by this time he had gone so far as to freely admit to himself that he was utterly and hopelessly in love with Ida, in love with her with that settled and determined passion which sometimes strikes a man or woman in middle age—certainly did not know that before the evening was out he would have declared his devotion, with results that shall be made clear in their decent order. When he put on his dress clothes to come up to dinner, he had no more intention of proposing to Ida than he had of not taking them off when he went to bed. His love was deep enough and steady enough, but perhaps it did not possess that wild impetuosity which carries people so far in their youth—sometimes, indeed, a great deal further than their reason approves. It was essentially a middle-aged devotion, and bore the same resemblance to the picturesque passion of five-and-twenty that a snow-fed torrent does to a navigable river. The one rushes and roars, and sweeps away the bridges, and devastates happy homes, while the other bears upon its placid breast the argosies of peace and plenty, and is generally serviceable to the necessities of man. But for all that, there is something attractive about torrents. There is a grandeur in that first rush of passion which results from the sudden melting of the snows of the heart's purity and faith and high unstained devotion.

But both torrents and navigable rivers are liable to one common fate—they may fall over precipices, and when that happens even the latter cease to be navigable for a space. And that was what was about to happen to our friend the Colonel.

To begin with, he had dined well, and whatever ardent twenty-three may think of so gross and material a fact, it is certainly true that if a man is in love before dinner, he is five-and-twenty per cent. more in love after it.

Well, Harold Quaritch had dined, and he had had a pleasant as well as a good dinner. The Squire, who of late had been cheerful as a cricket, was in his best form, and told long stories with an infinitesimal point. In anybody else's mouth these stories would have been wearisome to a degree, but there was a gusto, an originality, and a kind of Tudor period flavor about the old gentleman, which made his worst and longest story acceptable in any society. The Colonel himself, too, had come out in a most unusual way. He had a fund of dry humor in him which he rarely produced, but when he did produce it, it was of a most satisfactory order. On this particular night it was all on view, greatly to the satisfaction of Ida, who was a witty as well as a clever woman. And so it came to pass that the dinner was a very pleasant one.

Harold and the Squire were still sitting over their wine, and the latter was for the fifth time giving to the former a full and particular account of how his deceased aunt, Mrs. Massey, had been persuaded by a learned antiquarian to convert, or rather restore, Dead Man's Mount to its supposed primitive condition of an ancient British dwelling, and of the extraordinary expression of her face when the bill came in, when suddenly the servant announced that George was waiting to see him.

The old gentleman grumbled a great deal, but finally got up and departed to enjoy himself for the next hour or so in talking about things in general with his retainer, leaving his guest to find his way to the drawing-room.

When the Colonel reached the room, he found Ida seated at the piano, singing. She heard him shut the door, looked round, nodded prettily, and then went on with her singing. He came and sat down on a low chair some two paces from her, placing himself in such a position that he could see her face, which indeed he always found a wonderfully pleasant object of contemplation. Ida was playing without music—the only light in the room was that of a low lamp with a red fringe to it. Therefore he could not see very much, being only with difficulty able to trace the outlines of her features; but if the shadow thus robbed him, it on the other hand lent her a beauty of its own, clothing her face with an atmosphere of wonderful softness which it did not always possess in the glare of day. The Colonel, indeed (we must remember that he was in love and that it was after dinner), became quite poetical (internally, of course) about it, and in his heart compared her, first to St. Cecelia at her organ, and then to the Angel of the Twilight. He had never seen her look so lovely. At her worst she was a handsome and noble-looking woman, but now the shadow from without, and—though he knew nothing of that—the shadow from her heart within also, aided maybe by the music's swell, had softened and purified her face till it did indeed look almost like an angel's. It is strong, powerful faces that are capable of the most tenderness, not the soft and pretty ones; and even in a plain person, when such a face is in this way seen, it gathers a peculiar beauty of its own. But Ida was not a plain person, so on the whole it is scarcely to be wondered at that a certain effect was produced upon Harold Quaritch.

Ida, to outward appearance at any rate, all unconscious of what was passing in her admirer's mind, went on singing almost without a break. She had a good memory and a sweet voice, and really liked music for its own sake, so it was no great effort to her to do so.

Presently she came to a song from Tennyson's "Maud," the tender and beautiful words whereof will be familiar to most of the readers of her story. It began—

> "O let the solid ground
> Not fail beneath my feet
> Before my life has found
> What some have found so sweet."

The song is a lovely one, and it did not suffer from her rendering, and the effect produced upon Harold by it was of a most peculiar nature. All his past life seemed to heave and break beneath the magic of the music and the magic of the singer, as a Northern field of ice breaks up beneath the outburst of the summer sun. It broke up, and sank, and vanished into the depths of his nature—those dread unmeasured depths that roll and murmur in the vastness of each human heart as the sea rolls beneath its cloak of ice, that roll and murmur here, and set toward a shore of which we have no chart or knowledge. The past was gone, the frozen years had melted, and once more the sweet strong air of youth blew across his heart, and once more there was blue sky above, wherein the angels sailed. Under the influence of that song the barrier of self broke down, and his being went out to meet her being, and all the possibilities of life seemed to breathe afresh.

He sat and listened, and as he listened, trembled in his agitation, till the sweet echoes of the music died upon the quiet air. They died, and were gathered into the emptiness which receives and records all things, the oath and the prayer, the melody and the scream of agony, the shout of triumph and the wail of woe, and left him broken.

She turned to him, smiling faintly, for the song had moved her also, and he felt that he must speak.

"That is a beautiful song," he said; "sing it again if you do not mind."

She made no answer, but once more sang

> "O let the solid ground
> Not fail beneath my feet
> Before my life has found
> What some have found so sweet,"

and then suddenly broke off.

"Why are you looking at me?" she said. "I can feel you looking at me, and you make me nervous."

He bent toward her and looked her in the eyes.

"I love you, Ida," he said—"I love you with all my heart," and he stopped suddenly.

She turned quite pale—even in that light he could see her pallor—and her hands fell heavily on the keys.

The echo of the crashing notes rolled round the room and died slowly away, but still she said nothing.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ON TOP OF NEWPORT MOUNTAIN.

It has been painted and written, and will be written and painted for ever and ever. Sometimes for its expression it will be a picture radiant with glow of color, "the purple light of love," and for text, passionate torrents of words; or then, again, to faint outlines with diaphanous shadings there will be added modulated undertones, tenderest of whisperings, the climax approached by inference rather than by utterance—and yet all ways of interpretation are good and approved.

There is more than one road leading to the crest of Newport Mountain at Mount Desert.

> "Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
> Every wise man's son doth know."

But pray are not wise men's daughters to learn their lesson?

How the two reached the mountain-top is asking something hardly worthy of consideration. "Why are they there?" That is, indeed, a prying, a vital question. We may forgive love's tryst, but this meeting was neither arranged nor premeditated. Did they happen to grow fond of one another under the most singular and extraordinary circumstances? They think so, and so do romance writers, who fancy they invent the most original of situations, and yet the same things occur over and over again, and in precisely the same way, and still never are monotonous.

As pleasant words had fallen from his lips a month before, she had listened, she knew not why, and then had abused her own ears for the hearing of them. Then in her presence he had been graver of late, and she had fought hard to drive his face, his gestures, from out her memory. Now she had tried a little banter with him, and that seemed to hurt him. Strange to say, his resentment rather pleased her at first, but then just as quickly she had repented, and now, when she would have been her rational sweet self once more, he had looked so puzzled, and then had suddenly bowed to her and was gone. Why next day had he evaded her? Did he, forsooth! expect that she should put herself in his way—flirt with him? What, flirt at her very first season at Mount Desert? Well, if he did go off with a yachting party next morning, what business was that of hers? How did it happen that she overheard a gossip say that the pretty young person of that yachting trip was his cousin? Certainly she never would speak to him again. If he came down to breakfast at nine, she and her mother would breakfast at sunrise or at noon. But then that very afternoon there was a heavy blow, and yachts were crippled, and the young woman's heart was in her mouth. Next morning, when there was uncertainty as to the safety of a particular yacht, her misery was unspeakable. Then news came that the little craft, through stress of weather, had found a port in one of the outside islands. Then, woman-like, though subdued, she made up her mind that, with her mother, she would leave Mount Desert at once.

Why should she then have taken to the one side of Newport Mountain with her friends, so as to have one last look of those shimmering seas? Why should he, solitary and alone, have sauntered up the other side of the mountain? Are there elective affinities? Remember that, so far, if there had been *rapprochements*, everything had been vague, indefinite. Now no one, not even the subtlest of analysts, can give any good reason why this particular young lady should have felt herself aggrieved. It was the purest accident that made her stray from her party. She never could have known that he was there. What business had he to burst on her in that way? It was a physical effort which made her assume that peculiar nonchalant manner. But he—he was no fool. He strode straight up to where she was, and took her hand, a trifle masterful, and she said, "And if, sir, you had been drowned!" There the true woman had spoken, and now she was horrified, for he kissed her, and she should have struggled and she did not, and then obediently she seated herself on the lichen-covered rock as he was beside her. Now she could look at him stealthily, pretending that she was not hanging as if for life on every word he said, and next she took a broom straw, and played and toyed with it until he longed to pluck it from between her rosy lips, so that he might kiss her again.

It is just at this phase of the story that Mr. Reinhart has made a delicate illustration to that happiest of old texts, "Love sought is good, but given unsought is better."

THE METROPOLITAN CLUB.

The sketch which M. Renouard has given us is of a thoroughly well-known group in the Metropolitan Club at Washington. Nearly every afternoon, from late in the autumn to the time when the heat drives people out of the capital city, there is a silent game of chess going on in one of the big drawing-rooms of the club. Generally one of the foreign ministers is a participant, and as a rule Colonel Bonaparte is the only American who plays the game. He sits at the table in the picture on the right, but this time his opponent is Rear-Admiral Steedman, who has stalwart support from his service, for among the onlookers are Rear-Admirals C. R. P. Rodgers, the president of the club, who looks down over the head of one of the heirs of the Third Empire, and Upshur, who stands impartial between the two. Back of the group and to the extreme left is M. Henri Roustan, the French Minister. This will indicate somewhat the character of the club, although if there were an officer or two of the army, a member of the cabinet, a few of the younger men of society, and some well-known Congressmen in addition to Mr. Leopold Morse, the group would be still more representative.

It is coming to be the fashion among club men to speak of the Metropolitan as the pleasantest and most interesting club in the country. In many respects this is true. There is certainly no club in the country which is at once so individual and where so many well-known public men can be seen every day of the year. The Metropolitan is the one general club of the capital—the one club which is simply that and nothing else, which has no limitations and no specialties. The Cosmos, one of the most interesting and comfortable of clubs, is devoted to science. It is said that it takes within its generous embrace literature and art, but really it is science which dominates, and the scientific men in the service of the government have their way and rule the roost. The Jefferson Club is what its name indicates: it is Democratic. The Meridian Club probably chose its name from its location, but it is a well-chosen name for another reason: it is a club of young men who have not passed the meridian beyond which lie their hopes of admission to the Metropolitan. The Country Club, of which Secretary Endicott is president, is the suburban annex of the Metropolitan, and furnishes a convenient stopping-place for an afternoon's drive and a comfortable goal for paper hunts.

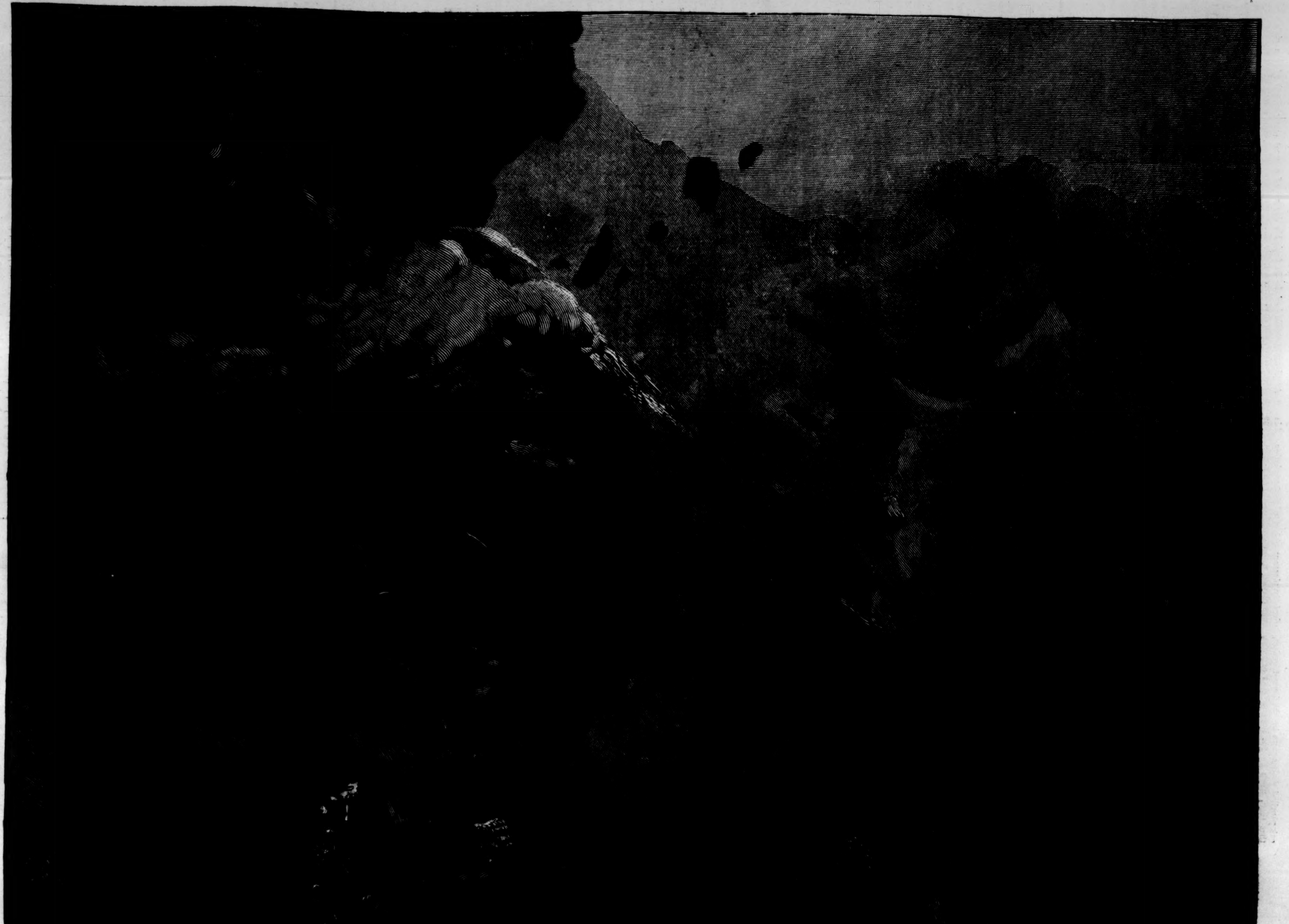
Club life, of course, grows and develops side by side and in consequence of the development of social life. Where there is society such as capitals know there will be men about town, and where there are men about town there must be clubs. The Metropolitan is the natural successor of a great many efforts after a club worthy of the capital, chief among which was the old Washington Club, but it was only when society outgrew its provincialism and became metropolitan that the town had a club which took its place in the long line of famous resorts where dandies have lounged in the windows, men of wit have talked wisdom and nonsense, idlers have taken their toilsome ease, and busy men have looked in for a chat before dinner. When Washington was no longer a village dominated by Southern planters, its club became catholic. When the camp that was established in the war was broken up, something more was needed than an Army and Navy Club. When the horde of suttlers and camp-followers who undertook to make the capital redolent with champagne and suppers had gone away, the time came for a club for gentlemen.

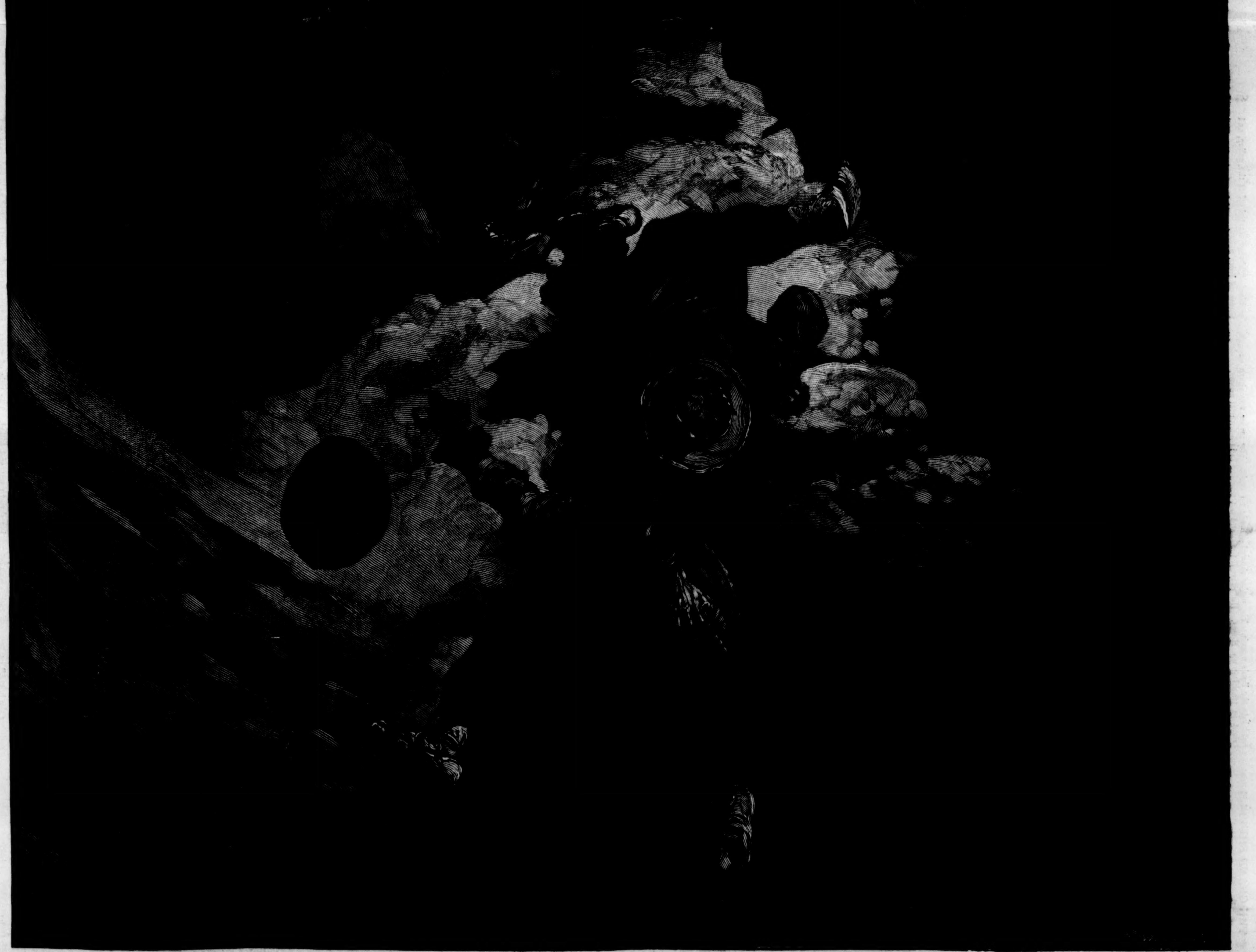
The Metropolitan is not an old club, and yet it was a comparatively long time in growing into its present state. It is nearly sixteen years old, and its humble beginnings were due to the lack of clubbable men in the city. There were some, however, and chief among them were its organizers, Rear-Admiral Rodgers, General Parke (now the Superintendent at West Point), Hon. John Davis (now a judge of the Court of Claims), Mr. Seaton Monroe, and a few others, who formed a club in keeping with their times, but which had nevertheless the element of growth in it that made it capable of meeting the larger social conditions which were established in Mr. Arthur's term. When Washington really became one of the social centres of the country the Metropolitan Club was found to have grown under its wise direction into one of the most important social institutions of the town. It was discovered very suddenly that it had outgrown the substantial old-fashioned double brick house opposite the Arlington which it had occupied for several years, and it was determined that the club must have a house of its own. The decision to build was made at a most fortunate time, and the club moved with the tide of fashion that had just set strongly toward the northwestern part of the city. In the fall of 1883 it was transferred into one of the most comfortable club-houses of the country, and there its pleasant quarters, its genial good-fellowship and hospitality, its excellent kitchen, its old admirals, its young cavalry officers, its sedate statesmen, its vivacious diplomatists, and its cozy corners have given to it among club men the reputation of which we have spoken.

During every winter week-day afternoon, at about four o'clock, the first story of the club-house is crowded with men, for that is the hour when the departments are out. The chiefs like to stretch their minds a little before going home, and the rest of the club likes to help them. Last winter, while the group in the picture played chess, General Sheridan, who was one of the vice-presidents, used to chat in a far-corner with General Macfeely, General Baird, and some other army friends, and all about the broad halls and big rooms were groups of men, some of them noted and most of them agreeable. Everything will go on just the same next winter, except that General Sheridan will be sadly missed. Earlier in the day, about noon, the old admirals get together and play what the youngsters call "kindergarten whist." The President and Vice-President of the United States and foreign ministers are admitted to honorary membership in the club by invitation of the Board of Governors. No President has ever been at the club, however, and it would be considered a breach of etiquette if he should go. Foreign ministers make a good deal of use of it, and many of the younger members of the legations make it their home, so far as getting their meals and their mails is concerned. It is when the club-house is full that it is the most interesting place of its kind in the country. Then one may understand why it is counted by its members as fit to rank with the great clubs of London, New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, as one of the descendants of the gatherings at the Mermaid, and of Brooks's, and White's.

AN AVALANCHE IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

The avalanche of the Alps may be a matter of more magnificence and more terror than the avalanche of the Rocky Mountains, but a slide of snow or earth or of both together down the precipitous slopes of the great "divide" is sufficiently magnificent and terrible for our modest domestic purposes. The features of a Rocky Mountain avalanche are shown in the picture by Messrs. Barnard and Graham on the double page. The descending mass has caught in its path three prospectors of Leadville. They have two circumstances in their favor. They are experienced mountaineers, steady of nerve, and accustomed to act in the face of sudden danger; and what is even more to the purpose in this contingency, there is a narrow overhang of rock at hand to afford them shelter. Without the interposing rock, no steadiness of nerve and no skill in mountaineering could save them from being swept from the narrow trail over the edge of the precipice. But one of the three is indebted for his life to an active human agency. He chanced to be on the outer edge of the trail when the rumble and tumult of the great slide began. Before he could jump to the place of safety he was caught by an advance fragment of the suddenly loosened mass. It swept him from his feet, and over the precipice he would have gone had he not been caught by the ready hand of one of his companions. He may thank his stars that that hand was strong and well nerved, and that the belt upon which its grasp fell was of holding stuff. And all three may be thankful for the providential rock, but for which they must have gone down with the avalanche into the vast depths beyond the trail.





AN AVALANCHE IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.—Drawn by Barnard and Graham.—[See Page 651.]

THE GRAND SHUFFLE.

THE major had coarse hands. The fingers were heavily jointed, with nails broad and globose as are horse-chestnuts; but those fingers were strong, and by dint of practice very agile.

"I am perfectly satisfied," had said a grand-duke, "that Major Sadorovitch should win my rubles, for no one shuffles cards with more skill. You might say you saw, not cards, but a flock of birds, and could hear the flutter of their wings. The major's shuffle is absolutely fascinating."

Card-playing was one of the major's talents. As a swordsman he enjoyed a merited reputation. But as a judge of horses no one was Sadorovitch's superior. Some years before, the major had been on a board, purchasing horses for cavalry remounts. Whether the Russian lancers had better horses, or the Secretary of War his money's worth, is not ascertainable; for a long time afterward, however, the major's budget had been largely increased, and his own string of horses numerous and of the choicest. Major Sadorovitch had often applied for a similar position, and though he had influential friends in the bureaux of the Minister of War, he never had succeeded in obtaining a second appointment. Had the major any enemies?

Sadorovitch had seen service in the Caucasus, when attached to the staff of an imperial duke—the same prince who was an admirer of the major's card-playing. It had happened that the major discovered a horse belonging to the duke's baggage train, whose speed and bottom had never been as much as suspected. It was entirely due to Sadorovitch that the horse was put into training. He induced the duke to lay his money heavily on this unknown animal, taking huge odds, so when the Sadorovitch horse came in a clean neck ahead, and landed a great deal of money into the duke's pocket, his Imperial Highness, in a moment of enthusiasm, kissed the major. It was not long before the major received a much-coveted decoration. Major Sadorovitch's perfect taste in horseflesh was conspicuous. His mounts for service were always capital, but it was with his drosky horses that the major's judicious selection was evident.

"Yes, they are fair, even trotters, and might perhaps pass muster before a critical Petersburg jockey club as good country horses," said the major to an admirer; "but you will observe that the free horse is wanting in style. He is as good as the other two, but just on that account, because he is no better, not up to the requisite standard, I have been for years looking for the exact horse."

"And what, major, might be your ideal?" was the question.

"Say, having a gray team, a black horse. He must have superabundance of action, go free from the jump, never want the whip, have a game head, a naturally curved neck, with plenty of mane and tail; only, as you ought to know, well-bred horses, like high-strung women, never have love-locks to spare. Te-he! te-he!"

That joke, applicable to the fair sex, the major had captured from his Imperial Highness, and was one which Sadorovitch never failed repeating.

"You could hardly picture the horse I want, you see him so rarely. And yet here on my finger is a horse," and the major exhibited a hairy finger, and on it was a massive gold ring. On a dark onyx, inclining to black, a horse was engraved. "A gift," said the major, "from his Imperial Highness. The director of the museum at Kiev told me the heathen had cut it thousands of years ago. It is a very little horse, but absolutely perfect. And that horse has trotted many a time through my head. His Imperial Highness prized that ring above all things."

The fact about the ring was that the major had won some money from the duke, and his Highness had said: "What you want in order to add brilliancy to your shuffle is the proper *mise en scène*. Here, take this ring of mine; it is worth more than I owe you. Some day, when in funds, I will redeem it." The major would have very much preferred ready money, but he accepted the ring. When he discovered there was a horse engraved on it, it quite took his fancy.

A company of cavalry, a half-company of infantry, and a howitzer had to be hurried to a small village in Poldovia, where there was what was designated as "a dissatisfaction," and the major was put in command of the force. This dissatisfaction was peculiar. The red cock had chanted; that is to say, he had appeared as a bird with a fire-colored plumage. He had flown over ricks of oat, rye, and buckwheat, and his crow, which was the crackle of flame, had reduced to ashes a number of noble residences.

"Nip me this business," the military governor had said to the major.

"It shall be *capot*, your Excellency," was Major Sadorovitch's Cæsarean reply.

There was an insignificant skirmish. The major described it in comical style: "You see, it was the jolliest kind of a battue, like working chickens up to a high wall they can't flutter over. I let drive two files of cavalry at them, taking care to give them what they thought was an open space to run for. It was ridiculous the way they raced into it, but when on the full bolt I stopped them short with a double line of infantry, and then, heading them back, in went a fresh lot of our horse. We did not leave any wounded, for, you see, ambulances and stretchers cannot be made to follow quickly enough." Having been stationed near the village some years before, he knew localities, even the names and occupations of the peasants.

"I never let such matters hang," the major had written, and so condemnations, fines, confiscations, followed fast.

There was one case on the major's books which had not yet been settled, and that was to the account of Moses Moskau. Moses had been summoned to appear, but had declined putting his head into the lion's mouth. The major showed talent in tracking up Moses. He played for Moses as he would have tried to catch a player who wanted to make a Little Misery in a game of Boston. The major narrowed down Moses' whereabouts, as he expressed it, "to one color." The Jew had an old mother, and the major put spies on her, and in a moment of the silliest filial devotion, Moses lost the trick.

"Te-he! te-he!" chuckled the major. "That was his risk. It was in hearts: *en cœur*, as the French say. You generally get caught in your long suit."

It was a horse bestridden by an insurgent which had brought the Jewish cattle-broker before the military commission. Whether Moses had made a voluntary contribution of the horse, or it had been taken from him by force, was a nice question. It was the major who by seniority presided over the commission to decide.

The major's sharp eyes had seen a man on horseback trying to rally a squad of peasants. The major had said to an infantry soldier: "Take a shot at that man on the horse. If you touch the horse it will fare badly with you. Kill me the man, and there will be a ruble for you." There was a sharp report. The major shaded his eyes, and smiled as he saw the horseman slant forward, clutch at the mane of his horse, then seesaw, and finally roll off. The horse tore off in the direction of a fir plantation, and was soon lost to sight; but the major noted the bearings. When the little matter was neatly concluded, the major and his orderly beat up the strip of fir wood very carefully.

"Poor quarters," said the major, ten days afterward, "and ill befitting the dignity of the court; but there is more room here than in any of the accursed kennels in this village. To-day we will finish up this business. This is our retiring-room. Ah! there is a table, and I am quite certain my orderly has not forgotten to put a pack of cards in the drawer. We might play a game of imperial while waiting for the military secretary."

A dirty room had been divided by a rough boarding. There was one low door for an entrance, and here was a soldier.

"Well, gentlemen," said the major, "we may have to wait. We will have time to smoke a cigarette and have a round or so of imperial." The major took the pack of cards and gave them his approved shuffle.

"Wonderful!" said the artillery lieutenant.

"I call that my swarm of bees. Hear them buzz?" The major kept on shuffling.

"As usual, you are lucky, major," said the infantry captain, as Sadorovitch scored the points. "It must be all in the shuffle."

"More than you think for, and I will tell you how. By long practice the thing has become purely mechanical. It is an interval of time which I do not waste. I rapidly think over the points, and the mental condition of my opponents. My adversaries lose that advantage, being simply amazed at my shuffles. It is apparently a small matter, but it tells. It impresses the other players with the idea that I am master of the situation. It all enters somewhat into the calculations of chances. You see I play *cartes sur table*, and conceal nothing. But here comes the prisoner. Gentlemen, we will assume our gravest mien, though this case of Moses has some comic situations in it."

"Curse that major!" said the captain, who was a cynic. "He always manages to close a game very suddenly when he wins. I have sometimes thought the appearance of his orderly with a sealed official despatch on pressing business was a put up job. Some day I shall get the chance to mark the envelop to see how often the same one turns up. That miserable Jew might have waited all day and rotted had the major lost. Confound his shuffle!"

The captain buckled on his sword, buttoned his coat, took in his belt a hole. The artillery lieutenant carefully rubbed his eye-glasses with a scented handkerchief. All the major did was to strike one gauntlet against the other as he rose, followed by the two officers, and they took seats on the other side of the partition.

The prisoner, Moses Moskau, came in, the centre of a group of four soldiers, one before, one behind, and one on each side of him. Four heavy hands were pressed on Moses' shoulders, and he was forced down on a bench. No indignity seemed to move a muscle of the prisoner's face. The major was equally imperturbable. He cast his eyes toward the door. Evidently the major was watching for some one.

"If that beast of a cornet is drunk, and does not put in an appearance, I will have him broken." Just then the sentinel presented arms, and a red, pug-nosed man entered. Though the room was not large, the walls were not parallel to him, for he made several zigzags and loops. "To business, gentlemen. You have the documents." The pug-nosed officer fumbled with his uniform, got hold of the wrong buttons, lurched forward, and a few sheets of paper fell on the table.

"Stand up, Moses Moskau, listen to the accusation, and when I ask for a response, answer," said the major.

Four rough hands clutched Moses by the shoulders, as if he were a tooth to be pulled, and he was jerked on to his feet.

With great volubility the major read over two or three pages, emphasizing a word which appeared in every line, and that word was "horse." "This horse ridden by an insurgent." "This horse known to be the property of Moses Moskau." "The man who had ridden the horse was killed." "Moses Moskau must answer, describing the horse."

"Queer," said the captious captain to the lieutenant. "How is it that the major's business always is mixed up with a horse?"

The prisoner was apparently inattentive, and made no reply. The major was sharp enough, and not wanting in inquisitorial power.

"Why had the prisoner hidden himself? Men who had no fear of punishment came when they were called. They knew how beautiful was the justice of that august master of which he, the major, was the humble representative. What had been Moses Moskau's behavior? Quite to the contrary."

"The major is not exactly consecutive," remarked the captain. "He is much stronger at cards. The stake is a horse, however, and the major is bound to win."

"Was it the Jew's mother, who was said to be dying, that brought Moses into the major's net?" inquired the lieutenant.

"Don't know, don't care, only it was smart. How excessively wearisome this all is! Of course Moses will take the long trip. There must be a sufficiency of Jews in Siberia to make up for a lost tribe. What ails the major? Why is he so long? Fancy it is the spirit of play—cat and mouse. Ah! now for the *coup de grace*."

The major had gone on with his peroration, in which there were many taunts directed toward the Jew. The conclusion was as follows:

"Finally, notwithstanding your cunning, you visit some creature or other in the village, and then we have you." The major in pantomime drew in his hand as if sweeping in a trick at cards. "The band was composed of from sixty to sixty-five men. Was it sixty or sixty-five?" The major shuffled an imaginary pack of cards.

Then Moses opened his mouth, and said, in a nasal, drawling tone, "Twice sixty make one hundred and twenty; twice sixty-five, one hundred and thirty."

"Arithmetically correct, Moses. I dare say when you play cards you never make any mistakes in the count," said the major.

"I have no counters, not even a bit of chalk to keep score with; but if my sum is correct, one hundred and twenty would be too little, one hundred and thirty too much, for it is exactly one hundred and twenty-five rubles you owe on your pair of horses. A note to that amount, due for over eighteen months, I now hold for collection." And to think of the impudence of it—there was a mocking smile on Moses' face.

"You had better keep a straight face, lieutenant," said the captain; "comical as is the situation, the major is extremely sensitive to ridicule. It was a cute thing for the Jew to do: a singularly malicious race. Now for the major's *revanche*."

"Gentlemen"—the major had turned to his colleagues—"we must first consider—ahem!—what might I call it?—well, then, the peculiar instinct of these Jews."

"Just so," said the secretary, dipping his lead-pencil in the inkstand.

"Pray follow me. Moses Moskau is a horse-dealer. Now I consult my notes. The animal in question, from what I saw with my own eyes, was a piebald, sprung in the forelegs, and broken-winded."

"I am no judge of a horse," said the captain; "what I did see was a beast galloping in good style."

"I saw nothing," put in the lieutenant, "for the gun was behind a clump of trees, and we were just going to limber up; and then it is not wise to see too much at times," he added, *sotto voce*.

"Sprung in the forelegs and broken-winded—bear that in mind. Now had it been an animal of any value, is it likely that Moses Moskau, knowing the risks he had to run, would have parted with a horse worth a kopeck? Being, then, worthless, fit for the knacker, the probability is that the glandered beast was a gift, a voluntary offering, to the enemies of our imperial master. I think you seize the point."

"A judgment of Solomon," cried the captain aloud, and in a lower tone to the lieutenant: "but who gets the horse?"

"It is only one Jew the less," continued the captain, pleasantly. The soldiers understood this, and their mouths stretched with merriment.

"Leniency being lost in a case of this kind, and since your replies, Moses, have been wanting in lucidity, though replete with impertinences—"

"Oh, dear me, spare us the epigrams," remarked the captain to the lieutenant.

"—We will turn you over to the provost marshal for that punishment you so richly deserve."

"I was told it was a black horse. Do you hear all of you—a black—black—horse," cried Moses.

"Silence him," roared the major.

"And that black horse will bring punishment."

What more Moses might have said was very suddenly interrupted; one of the soldiers brought his hand across Moses' face with a slap which resounded through the room.

"Ouf!" said the captain; "a well-rounded conclusion. Now results of the game. Pocketed by the major, one hundred and twenty-five rubles, and certainly a horse, black or piebald, I don't know. I am not curious, nor a judge of horses."

Next day the major's orderly told his master that Moses Moskau, in trying to escape, had been killed.

When the major and his command left the village for the garrison town, he rode his charger all the way. A week afterward, when his drosky arrived, a very clever black horse was attached to it, and the major took a drive.

"Ah!" said the major, as the three horses went along at a rapid rate, "that Jew was not lucky. Here are three quite fair country horses, which stand me in a mere trifle. I wish my drosky were fresher."

The dramatic incident would be strained if it were stated that the horses ran away and the major thrown out and killed. The pair of grays were gentle, the black horse amiability itself. The horse looked, perhaps, more game than he really was. A kind, good-tempered animal, with a fund of natural spirits; he champed his bit as if he liked it, always started off at the gallop, and threw off froth flakes.

The major had a delightful drive, and really admired his team. "If that black has not Orloff blood in him, I am mistaken. He ought to have a small white spot somewhere, for they always breed that way."

"Yes, Excellency," said the coachman, "a little white spot you can cover with your thumb under his mane."

On returning to his quarters, Sadorovitch found marching orders, and was delighted. He was to rendezvous at a certain point, and as the new post was only five marches distant, he might reach it by easy stages.

That just suited Sadorovitch. The fact was, the major was discovering that very few of the officers cared to play cards with him; his luck was too pronounced. But where he was ordered to there were many rich landed proprietors, ardent card-players.

"I won a good bit of money there five years ago, and of course they will want their revenge," said the major.

The major thought his wardrobe required replenishing, and wished he had paid his last Petersburg tailor bill. If it was a satisfaction for him to know that his horses were all right, it annoyed him that his drosky was a trifle shabby.

The major made up his budget. He had barely enough for his current expenses, and his gambling capital he could not diminish. He was always very prudent with that, for, as he said to himself, "three days of bad luck with those new fellows might bring collapse." It was the drosky that bothered him. There were some military arrivals, who might have a fair drosky to sell at a low price.

The major looked around that very day, and there was just the drosky that suited him. It was as good as new, and built by a first-class Moscow maker. The price was not so much out of the way. The major offered to buy it on time, even at a small advance, but the owner smilingly said, "Ready money, major."

That night there was a grand carouse at the club in honor of the new-comers, and a game of baccarat was proposed. The major did not like pure games of chance unless he had a big capital. Then he would occasionally keep the bank.

The major had expected, some time or other, to pay that ridiculously insignificant note of a hundred and twenty-five rubles. Not having to pay it now, that was so much to the good. He eyed the game. Once the banker thought he was going to join in, and then a dandified-looking young man, an officer of engineers, seemed inclined to take a hand.

"Oh no, not yet," said Sadorovitch. "By-and-by, maybe."

"I might risk a hundred and twenty-five rubles," the major said to himself, "and if I won a hundred, then I could buy that accursed drosky." Then there was a gigantic punch handed around. The major was thirsty, and drained off his two tumblers. The captain came in, and advised a thimbleful of brandy. Then the major made up his mind to take cards, and put twenty-five rubles down on the table, and smack! he lost them. Then the officer of engineers began playing.

The major's luck was exasperating. There were not any of those exciting struggles, mortal passes, which a true gambler delights in. The major's money wasted and crumbled away. No matter what he did, whether he held the bank or made the bets, he was always in the wrong. He tried his shuffles, and executed a variety of them in his best style. Men who were supping came into the room for the purpose of seeing the famous Sadorovitch shuffle. The major was flattered, but his deal was disastrous.

The major became very cautious when he staked the last of his rubles. At daybreak, when the candles were an inch long, the major's last kopeck, the three drosky horses, the trap itself, were represented on a visiting card as nine hundred rubles—really a full value for them. This white and glazed hypothecation, with the major's name, rank, and titles neatly engraved on it, went into another man's fob.

The officer of engineers, who had won the major's entire turnout, was an irritating player. When he pocketed the major's card he folded it up carefully, saying, "The friction of one's trousers often makes writing illegible." That certainly was an unnecessary speech.

Before the final card had been played, the officer of engineers, who held the bank, had said, "Major Sadorovitch, is pure tallow or a mixture of tar the better for axles? and the whip, which, as you say, is silver-mounted, is there room enough at the butt to have my monogram engraved on it?"

It jarred on the major's ears to hear this banter.

"Won't somebody else come in and give me a chance? The owner of a rattle-trap, the result of honest toil, wants the wherewithal to pay for the painting and mending of it. Its springs are shaky, and the cushions, which are soiled, require restuffing and retrimming."

The major, who had gulped down a big glass of spirits, was in no laughing humor.

"I want to ride softly, especially over these rough roads," continued the officer of engineers.

"Is that intended, sir," said the major, boiling over, "as an insult to that branch of service, the cavalry, to which I have the honor to belong?"

"Put a beggar on horseback, or, to paraphrase that, let him drive in a drosky behind a black horse," said the officer of engineers so that all could hear him.

"The cavalry, sir—this major—rides rough-shod when it pleases him," burst out Sadorovitch, infuriated now beyond control, as he brought down his massive fist on the table.

"Dear me!" said the officer of engineers, "has the cavalry kicked the table? Why, what a strong hand you must have, Major Sadorovitch, for you have splintered the stone of your ring. Here, waiter, look for the pieces."

If not for the interference of some of the officers, Sadorovitch would have struck the officer of engineers.

"An ugly business," said the captain to the lieutenant. "They might have been drunk, only Korobine is a nasty man to handle whether in liquor or out of it. Don't know Korobine? Why, he had something to do with overhauling the major's accounts when Sadorovitch was on the remount business. It's always horse with the major. Korobine is an eccentric, and for meddling with that business came near being thrown over. He was sent—the Lord knows where—on duty, with the intimation that his interference was an impertinence. Korobine, it was thought, never would turn up; but cornered once with a small command in Turkistan, he showed no end of pluck and skill, and so he was recalled. There was a kind of popular clamor for him. You might deem Korobine impertinent, and he is, and as homely as sin, but he lets it out that it is his mission to clear the service of rascals. He keeps saying that. Of course, on Korobine's part, it was a prearranged thing to pick a quarrel with Sadorovitch, but, as far as I can learn, the major does not know that Korobine has been following him up for years."

"But he keeps the major's turnout; that is the essential," said the lieutenant.

"No. Korobine says he will sell it, and give the proceeds to the military fund for sick soldiers. That Jew business is being noised about, and they do say the major's note fell into Korobine's hands, and he passed it over to Moses—Abraham—what was the fellow's name? Certainly they will fight."

It was the captain, again, who, as a friend of one of the major's seconds, told the inquisitive lieutenant about the duel: "I never saw anything like Korobine—ice-cold and motionless. He let the major blow all his wind out. But I tell you there were some sledge-hammer strokes to parry. The major's weight ought to have beaten down Korobine's guard, but it did not. You might say a mask on the engineer's face; and when it was fixed it was none the prettier. Long? So-so; maybe a quarter of an hour. Time enough to smoke three cigarettes."

"And the end?"

"Korobine took a slight rip on the sword arm, so as to *riposte*, I suppose, for Korobine did it with a thwack on the major's head. When I saw Korobine's sword fly I thought of what the Turks say about opening a mouth on the back of a man's skull; but I swear to you—and I know what I talk about—instead of giving the major the edge, Korobine brought the sword down flat, a blow to stagger an ox, and Sadorovitch fairly reeled. Seconds tried to stop it, but the major was foaming with rage, and was really rude, and it had to go on. Korobine let him off nicely, for he caught the major on the flank with a slashing cut, not so deep, but long. I fancy some muscles sliced. Sadorovitch, according to the surgeon, is to be all right, as good as new, in a couple of months; but I have no confidence in that surgeon. I have made a study of our Sadorovitch, not so much physically as mentally. His wound will go to his head. You will see."

The diagnosis of the infantry captain, who was a born sceptic, was perfectly correct. The wound healed, but the brain had received a shock. The major, after a year, was retired from service. A newspaper paragraph recalled his brilliant career, regretted his retirement, but assured the public of his speedy restoration to health. The fact was, the major was in hospital, and in that particular department allotted to patients who do not see things in their proper light.

"Come, major," said a great surgeon with a German name, whose visits were as gleams of happiness to many a distressed soul, "how are we to-day?"

"I have been trying to have my ring mended. The horse ran away from it. It was given me by the grand-duke. Dear me! how that horse could gallop! Not a horse to ride. I put him in a drosky. I saw a man shot off of his back once. I owned him and drove him one whole day."

"Well, now," said the surgeon, encouragingly, "to own a fine horse for even a day is having a fair share of happiness. But, major, did you not ask me to bring you something? Don't you remember? We will spell it together—a p-a-c-k o-f c-a-r-d-s—eh?" and the surgeon went over the letters a second time.

"Spell? what does it spell?—I went to school so long, long ago," replied the major; but his face brightened when the surgeon took a pack of brand-new cards from his pocket. "Oh, let me break the covering!" The major's hands trembled with excitement. "You are a dear, blessed man! You see, the cards here are filthy, limp like wet leather, no spring to them. Oh, I know—I know. I will play you a game of écarté, picquet, impériale, corners to be 10, 100, 500 rubles—what you please. I want to win back my horse. Card-playing for money not allowed here? Is this a young ladies' boarding-school?

"Come, major, quiet yourself. I should be sorry to deprive you of the cards."

"Can I shuffle them?"

"Of course you can."

"Look, then. This is the grand cascade; this the whirlpool; this the single, the double riffle; this the rocket. You never could do it; you might try for years." The major's hands were no longer trembling. The cards seemed endowed with magical movements under Sadorovitch's manipulations.

"It is wonderful," said the surgeon to himself. "I had set it down as hemiplegia; but how enduring are some of these physical traits! And the major can hardly button on his clothes. I was afraid that this want of co-ordination would end in imbecility. Has the motor power automatic memory? That is a paradox. What does old Jean Paul say? 'In everything that is repeated daily there must be three periods: in the first it is new; in the second, old, trite, and wearisome; in the third it is neither, it is only habit.'"

The cards were whirling, quivering, flickering, in the major's hands. There was exaltation on the major's face.

"I wonder," thought the doctor, "whether he remembers horses? Perhaps the sight of a good one might add to his pleasure.—Major, put up your cards for a moment."

"Am I not clever, doctor?"

"I never saw your equal. But would you not like to see a handsome horse?"

"A horse!—a good horse! I have had hundreds, thousands, pass through my hands. Never, however, quite as good a horse as the little bit of a one in my ring, and he was alive. He was black—"

"Here is a nice horse—come, look;" and the doctor, aided by the infirmary assistant, led Major Sadorovitch to the window. There was a white landscape. The snow had covered the broad road, the open space leading up to the infirmary. There was a drosky team of two gray horses blending themselves to their surroundings. Coal-black was the third horse.

"A black horse!" cried the major, with a start—"thunder-cloud black, chimney-coal-smoke black, ink-blot black;" and he gazed with fixed and haggard eyes. "He is the horse of my ring—my horse. I must drive him. Has he a drop of milk on his neck?"

"I am sure I don't know. Come, major, let us go back. I want to see you mix up those cards again."

"You got him, where? Did you steal him?"

"Oh, major! A nephew of mine who has in charge my wife's estate in Poldovia bought the three horses there more than a year ago. He let them run in the fields, and sent them to us a day or so ago. Some officer or other sold them to him. But calm yourself." The surgeon made a sign to the infirmary assistant, and after some resistance the major was led back to the table, where the cards were strewed.

"Shuffle, shuffle, major," cried the surgeon, encouragingly.

The major's face had lost its mobility. He mechanically gathered up the cards, many escaping him. The surgeon picked up some, saying, "Come, now, major, show me how to shuffle."

"You—do—it—this—way," stuttered the major.

Three or four cards followed the impulse the major's fingers gave them, but with a sluggish movement; then the pack fell flat on the floor. Sadorovitch's clutch had gone.

"Even his shuffling days are over," said the surgeon, sadly. "It was a last flash in the pan. I wonder what could have been the connection between Sadorovitch and the horse? I think my coachman brought to my notice a white spot on him somewhere. If we only knew the history of our cases!"

B. P.

AN OCEAN DISASTER.

On Saturday, August 11th, the steam-ship *Geiser*, of the Hamburg Packet Line, cleared from New York for Stettin with 148 souls on board. A few days before, her sister ship of the same line, the *Thingvalla*, sailed from her home port, bound for America, with 455 passengers. On Thursday, the 16th instant, the steam-ship *Wieland*, of the Hamburg American Line, brought into this port thirty-one of the *Geiser's* company—all that survived—and all the passengers of the *Thingvalla*. Of the two gallant vessels, the *Geiser* lay at the bottom of the ocean, and the *Thingvalla*, with her bow literally broken off, and only her crew remaining on board, was slowly making her way toward Halifax, which port she reached, with the aid of a coasting schooner, on August 16th.

To a sailor the sight of a red or a green light or of both together is equivalent to an order to port or starboard his helm, as the case may be. Rules are made and provided by all the maritime nations, which prescribe just what shall be done under all possible circumstances. And yet collisions occur on clear nights, when the side lights are plainly visible, and even at high noon, with a clear sky and plenty of sea-room. What, then, is the matter? the landsman asks. Why should such disasters occur save during fogs or under other extraordinary conditions?

It may possibly aid the shore-going reader to recall the many instances when perhaps he has encountered a foot-passenger going in the opposite direction from himself, and both have attempted to keep the inside of the walk. Each knows, or ought to know, that he should turn out to the right, but he does not do it, for whatever reason, and a personal collision, usually harmless, is the result. In every large city probably some thousands of such encounters take place every day. The foot-passenger can steer clear almost by the exercise of his will, so instantaneous is the reaction between mind and muscle; but, with the sailor, effect follows action only after a considerable interval of time. All the force of momentum tends to keep a ship on her course. She is moving ten times as fast as the pedestrian, and her bulk is, in comparison, like that of an elephant to a mouse. It takes her perhaps thirty seconds to move her own length, and still longer to reverse her engines and gain sternway.

In the present instance the lights of the approaching steamers do not appear to have been seen until collision was imminent, and the ordinary rules of the road were useless. Both ships partly turned, one to the right and the other to the left, and the result was that the *Thingvalla* struck the *Geiser* almost at right angles, cutting her nearly in half, and sending her to the bottom in less than ten minutes, with 117 of her passengers and crew. A good degree of discipline prevailed on both vessels. Captain Moller, of the *Geiser*, went down with his ship, after doing what he could to save life. He came to the surface, after his terrible submersion, and was rescued.

Our illustration is from a photograph showing the *Thingvalla* as she appeared after the collision. The distance from the remaining upper portion of her stem to the end of the break of course shows exactly how far she penetrated the *Geiser's* hull. That she floated at all after the encounter is due to her forward bulkhead, which was strong enough to resist the first rush of water, and was afterward re-enforced by the crew, so that it enabled the ship to reach port.

LOST ATLANTIC STEAM-SHIPS.

From the date of the disappearance of the ill-fated *President* down to the sinking of the *Geiser* the other day, the annals of Atlantic travel are marked thickly with episodes of disaster, suffering, and death. Some of the finest and stanchest steam-ships that have ever been built figure on the long sad roll of the lost. Some of them have been run down and sunk in a collision, like the *Arctic*, the *Ville du Havre*, and the *Geiser;* others have been destroyed by fire, like the *Amazon*, the *Sardinian*, and the *Austria;* many have rushed headlong on the rocks in a fog or a dark night, like the *Schiller*, the *Mosel*, and the *Atlantic;* a few have foundered at sea in a gale or a cyclone, like the *City of Vera Cruz;* others have been wrecked on sunken ice, like the *Canadian;* while several, like the *President*, the *Pacific*, and the magnificent *City of Boston*, have mysteriously disappeared, leaving not a trace behind to indicate the cause of their loss.

The following list of lost Atlantic steam-ships is as complete as the records within reach supply:

ROLL OF LOST ATLANTIC STEAM-SHIPS.

1841. *President*, mysteriously disappeared.
1843. *Columbia*, wrecked on the coast of Nova Scotia.
1846. *Great Britain*, wrecked on the coast of Ireland; *Tweed*, off Yucatan, on Alacrames Reef.
1848. *Forth*, wrecked on the same reef.
1850. *Helena Sloman*, foundered.
1852. *St. George*, burned; *Amazon*, burned.
1853. *Humboldt*, wrecked on coast of Nova Scota.
1854. *City of Glasgow*, disappeared; *Franklin*, wrecked; *Arctic*, run down; *City of Philadelphia*, wrecked.
1856. *Pacific*, disappeared; *Le Lyonnais*, run down.
1857. *Tempest*, disappeared; *Montreal*, burned.
1858. *New York*, foundered; *Austria*, burned.
1859. *Argo*, wrecked on Newfoundland coast; *Indian*, on Nova Scotian coast; *Hungarian*, the same.
1860. *Connaught*, burned.
1861. *Canadian*, wrecked on sunken ice; *North Briton*, wrecked.
1863. *Norwegian*, *Anglo-Saxon*, *Georgia*, all wrecked off Nova Scotia.
1864. *Bohemian*, wrecked off Nova Scotia; *City of New York*, wrecked on Irish coast; *Jura*, wrecked at the mouth of the Mersey; *Iowa*, wrecked off Cherbourg.
1865. *Glasgow*, burned.
1866. *Scotland*, run down.
1868. *Hibernia*, foundered.
1869. *United Kingdom*, disappeared; *Germania* and *Cleopatra*, both wrecked on the coast of Newfoundland.
1870. *City of Boston*, disappeared; *Cambria*, wrecked on Irish coast.
1872. *Dacian*, wrecked on coast of Nova Scotia; *Tripoli*, wrecked on the Irish coast.
1873. *Britannia*, wrecked in the Clyde; *Atlantic*, wrecked on the coast of Nova Scotia; *Ismailia*, disappeared; *Missouri*, wrecked on the Bahamas; *Ville du Havre*, run down; *City of Washington*, wrecked on coast of Nova Scotia.
1875. *Schiller*, wrecked on one of the Scilly Isles; *Vicksburg*, went down in a field of ice; *Deutschland*, wrecked on English coast.
1877. *George Washington*, foundered off Cape Race.
1878. *Metropolis* (bound from Philadelphia to Para with workmen and materials for the Madeira and Mamore Railroad), driven ashore on Currituck Beach, North Carolina, in a violent gale, and wrecked; *Sardinian*, burnt at the entrance of Londonderry Harbor.
1879. *Borussia*, foundered at sea; *Montana*, wrecked on the Welsh coast; *State of Virginia*, wrecked on Sable Island; *Pomerania*, run down in English Channel.
1880. July 16, bottle picked up off Irish coast containing memorandum, signed by the engineer, stating that the steam-ship *Zanzibar* was sinking (vessel left New York for Glasgow January 11, 1879, and has never been heard of since); *City of Vera Cruz*, foundered in a cyclone off the Florida coast; *Anglia*, run down.
1881. *Bohemian*, wrecked on the Irish coast; *Leon*, foundered; *Montgomeryshire*, lost.
1882. *Mosel*, wrecked on the coast of Cornwall; *Edam*, run down by the *Lepanto*. Both losses due to fog.
1883. *City of Brussels*, run down off Liverpool (10 lives lost); *Cimbria*, of the Hamburg-American Line, sunk by collision in the North Sea (nearly 400 lost); *Ludwig*, from Antwerp for New York, with 70 persons on board, given up for lost.
1884. *City of Columbus*, from Boston for Savannah, wrecked in Vineyard Sound (100 lives lost); *Daniel Steinmann*, wrecked off Sambro Island, Nova Scotia (120 lives lost); *State of Florida* and bark *Pomona* sunk in collision in mid-ocean (135 lost); *Amsterdam*, of Netherlands Line, wrecked on Sable Island in a fog (3 lives lost).
1885. Allan Line steamer *Hanoverian*, wrecked near Cape Race.
1886. *Oregon*, of Cunard Line, run into and sunk by a schooner off Fire Island (no lives lost); *Rapidan*, from New York for Costa Rica, given up for lost with all hands.
1887. On November 19 the *W. A. Scholten* was sunk near Dover, England, by collision with the coal freighter *Rosa Mary* (120 passengers drowned).
1888. On August 14 the *Geiser* was sunk, within seven minutes, by collision with the *Thingvalla*, of the same line, off Sable Island, Nova Scotia.

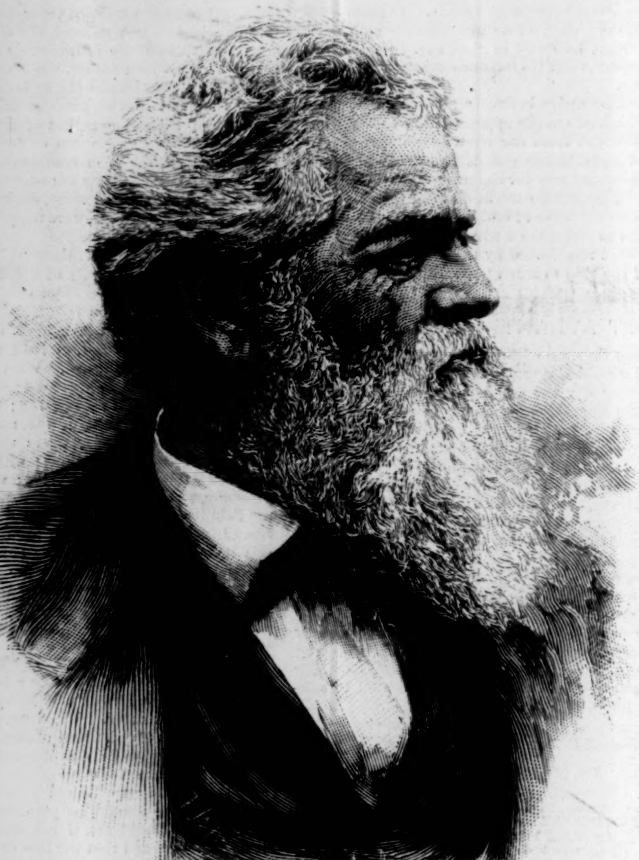
It is certainly a startling fact that in the space of forty-seven years since the unfortunate *President* left New York on March 11, 1841, never again to appear to mortal ken, nearly a hundred fine steamers have been utterly destroyed while on their passage across the Atlantic. Of these, eight, after leaving port, mysteriously disappeared and have never since been heard of, ten were run down in collision, five were burned, one ran on sunken ice in the Straits of Belle Isle, another went down in a field of ice, three foundered in mid-ocean, and the remainder of the melancholy list were wrecked either on the Irish and British coasts, on those of America, or on islands or rocks off them. Fully ten of these ran in foggy weather on the shores of Nova Scotia or Newfoundland on their westward voyages—a sufficient warning, it might be supposed, to captains to give a wide berth to those latitudes. Only one, the *Iowa*, an American steamer, was wrecked on the French coast, near Cherbourg, in 1864. It is generally supposed that shipwrecks are caused by the rage of the elements, but of all the vessels that went ashore only three or four appear to have directly suffered in consequence of heavy weather. Miscalculations as to distances run and courses steered, clouded skies, dark nights, and, more than all, dense fogs, were the primary causes of the disaster.

Comparatively few of these shipwrecks occurred without serious loss of life, at least 5600 persons having perished among the passengers and crews who were on board. When the *Atlantic* was wrecked on Meagher's Head, off the fatal Nova Scotian coast, in 1873, no less than 562 persons were drowned. With the *City of Glasgow* 480 people disappeared; with the *President*, 120; with the *Pacific*, 186; and with the *City of Boston*, the last of the missing steamships, 191. When the *Austria* was burned in mid-ocean 470 lives were lost; with the *Arctic*, 323; with the *Anglo-Saxon*, 372; with the *Ville du Havre*, 226; with the *Borussia*, 200; and with the Schiller, 311. The destruction of other vessels caused the loss of fewer lives than the vessels named, as, happily, fewer passengers were on board, but with several on the list from one to two hundred beings perished. In 1873 no less than six large steam-ships were wrecked, run down, or disappeared, the most disastrous losses being those of the *Atlantic* and the *Ville du Havre*, a total of 788 lives.

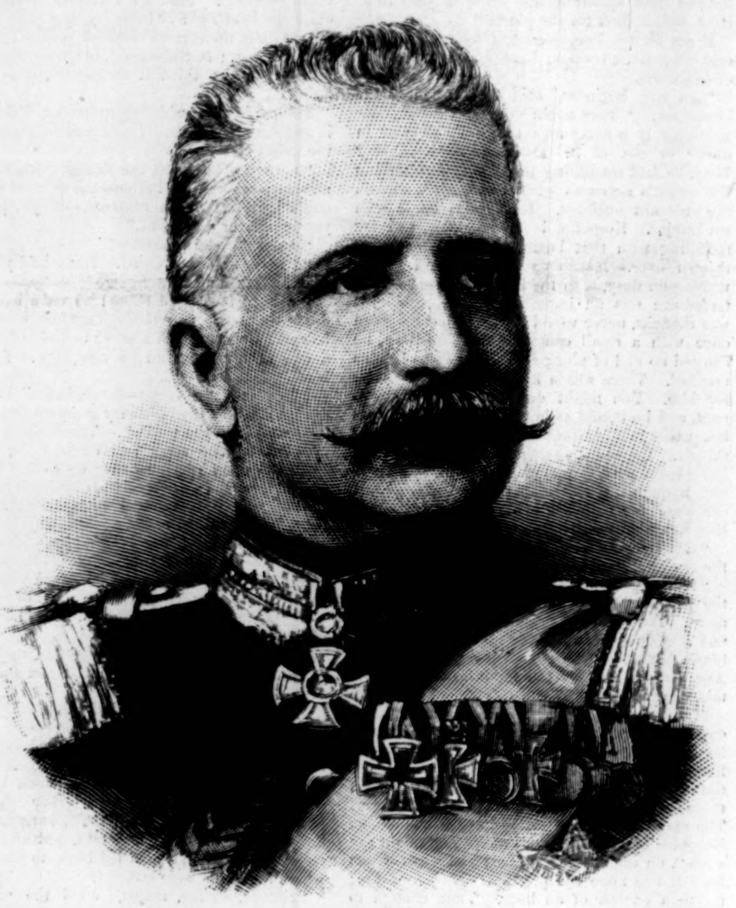
But there are few dangers in a passage across the Atlantic which may not by care, skill, and judgment be avoided. When we, however, consider the ordinary dangers of the sea in all regions, and remember that from Great Britain alone there are fourteen fleets of first-class steamers sailing to United States and Canadian ports, we should be prepared to hear occasionally of accidents, if not disasters, though it must be granted that the loss of two per cent. in 1873 is painfully startling. Of course the increased competition and the accelerated pace of our days have their darker side. That serious accidents have come so seldom of late says much for the skill with which the fleets are navigated, and some of the companies can boast with justice that they have never lost a single ship. It appears, however, that people who go to sea cannot hope yet to be free from the danger of collision; in fact, absolute immunity from danger is practically unattainable. The best that voyagers can do is to choose ships having the safest construction, the most approved life-saving appliances, the best disciplined crews, and, perhaps more important than all, the coolest and most experienced officers. For, after all, the best guarantee for safety must still be cool and skilful seamanship. In such an emergency as a collision the slightest hesitation or miscalculation is sufficient to turn the scale one way or the other.

SETH GREEN.

With slight scientific acquirements, but with sound practical judgment, essentially a self-made man, Seth Green, who died at Rochester, New York, on the 20th of August, has a right to be considered one of the fathers of fish-culture. The work done by the two fishermen of the Vosges, Remy and Gehin, in 1842, may have anticipated by some few years Seth Green's labors, but there really was little to be learned from the Frenchmen. The honor of having devised practical, utilitarian ways of raising fish in America is due in equal parts to Seth Green and to Dr. Teodatus Garlick. Born at Rochester in 1817, having followed early in life the calling of a fisherman, Seth Green's instincts, those of a naturalist, were directed toward the study of the fish he caught. The habits, ways, of all the creatures living in the water occupied his attention. In his mind he accumulated many characteristic facts. Imbued with strong native common-sense, he must have grouped together these facts and formed his own deductions. It is quite possible that thirty odd years ago Seth Green's ability or opportunity to study printed or written matter in regard to what little had been published about fish-culture was limited. It looks as if Seth Green thought out for himself, some time between 1850 and 1860, the laws which govern the artificial propagation of fish. Professor G. Brown Goode writes of Seth Green in 1864 as being then "the first American fish-culturist who carried on fish-culture upon a basis pecuniarily profitable." As we know well to-day, it was the attention the early fish-culturists paid to trout which formed that foundation on which we have built a perfect science to-day. Mr. Green soon became the leading expert in trout-culture, but that did not satisfy him. He was eager to solve other problems, and he sought to work out the more difficult one of hatching the eggs of the shad. To Seth Green is due the entire credit of having been the first to make the reproduction of shad possible. The Seth Green shad-hatching box was devised by him in 1867, and by its use the Connecticut River was restocked. We have since then abandoned the method invented by Seth Green, but it was as much of a discovery on his part as the finding of the Fortunate Islands by Christopher Columbus. In 1868, with Horatio Seymour and the present Minister to the Hague, Robert B. Roosevelt, he was made one of the Fish Commissioners of the State of New York. In 1869 he directed his attention to the propagation of white-fish, and with marked success. In 1871 Mr. Green carried young shad from the Atlantic side of the continent to the Pacific. In 1870 he became superintendent of the State hatchery at Caledonia, which position he held up to the time of his death.



THE LATE SETH GREEN, FISH-CULTURIST.—[See Page 655.]



COUNT VON WALDERSEE, CHIEF OF THE GENERAL STAFF OF THE GERMAN ARMY.

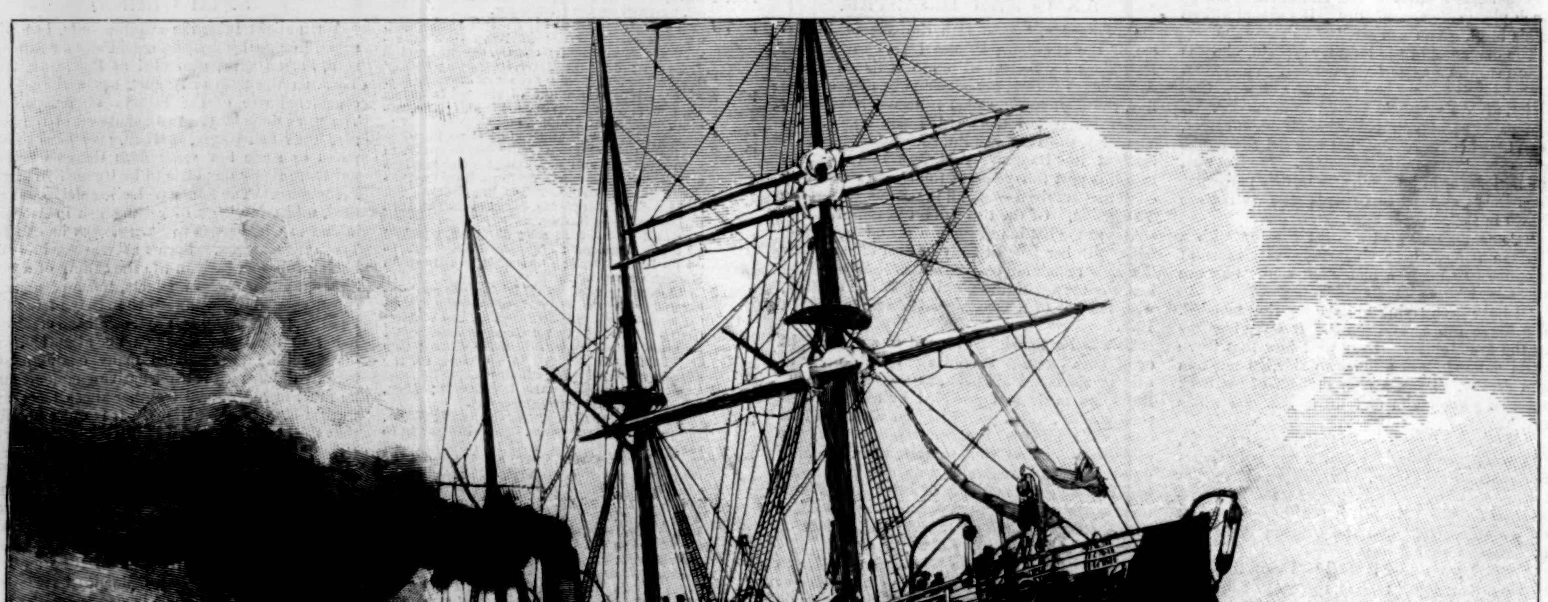
COUNT VON WALDERSEE.

The appointment of General Alfred, Count von Waldersee, August 13th, to succeed Count von Moltke as Chief of the General Staff of the German Army, was foreshadowed over six years ago by his appointment as Quartermaster-General, that is, assistant, and in case of disability representative, of the Chief of the General Staff.

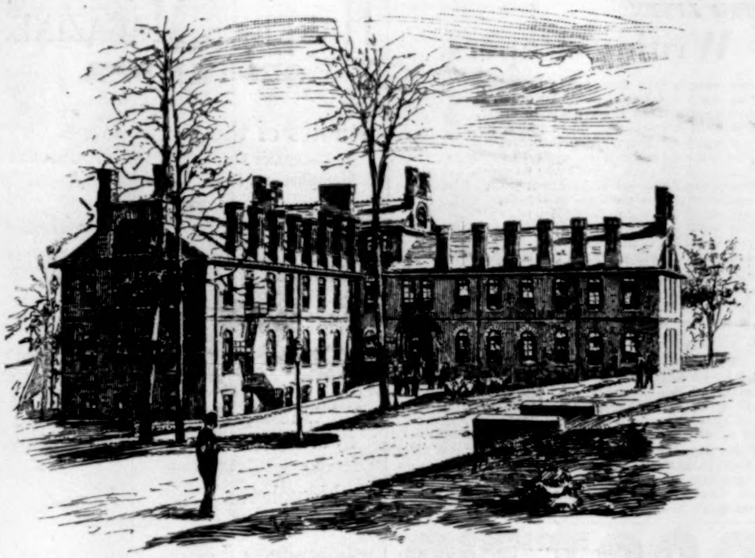
This promotion is a natural step in the steady advancement which he has made from his first entrance into the army. He was born in Potsdam, April 8, 1832. He left the cadet school in 1850, and as Second Lieutenant entered the artillery regiment of the Guards stationed at Berlin. The breaking out of the war with Denmark in 1864 found him bearing the rank of Captain. He made the campaign with credit, but it was not until the war with Austria in 1866 that he attracted special notice. Before hostilities ended he was despatched to Hanover, and after peace was concluded remained there with the newly formed Tenth Prussian Army Corps, under General Von Voigts-Reetz. His skilful solution of the problems which constantly meet an official in a conquered country won for him the confidence of his superiors, and led to his appointment in 1867 to the important post of military *attaché* to the German Embassy in Paris. In the Franco-Prussian war he served with the division under the Grand-Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, and after the peace preliminaries had been signed, represented his government in Paris during the Commune. He returned from his diplomatic work to practical service as Colonel commanding the Thirteenth Uhlan Regiment, became in 1873 Chief of the General Staff of the Tenth Army Corps, in 1876 Major-General, and in 1880 General à la Suite to the Emperor.

Upon the late Emperor Frederick's accession to the throne he was transferred to the command of the Hanoverian Army Corps, and Count von Häseler substituted in his place—a change which was interpreted at the time as a rebuke to Count von Waldersee for his open support of Court Chaplain Stöcker, the head and front of the anti-Jewish movement. In June he was recalled from his retirement to announce at the Austrian court the accession of William II.

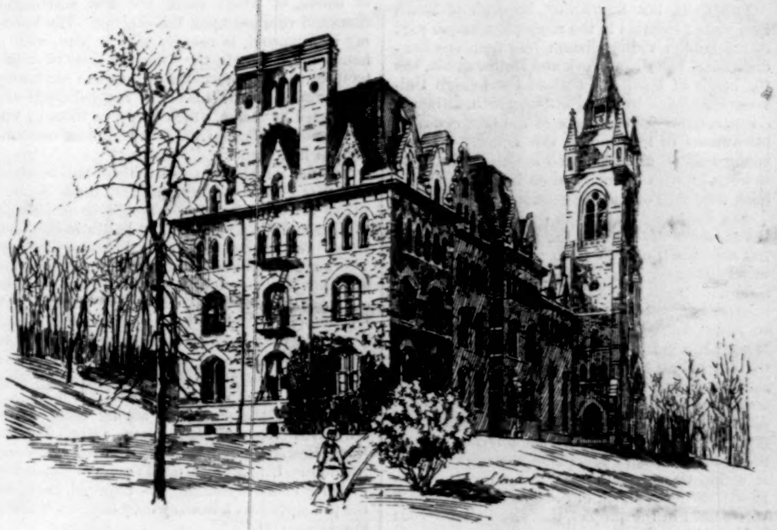
Countess von Waldersee was formerly Miss Mary Lea, of New York, daughter of David Lea, the wholesale grocer. She was born October 3, 1838. Upon the occasion of her marriage in 1864 with the septuagenarian Prince Frederick von Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Augustenburg, Prince von Noër, she was created by the Emperor of Austria a Princess von Noër in her own right. Prince Frederick, dying six months after the wedding, bequeathed his wife a large fortune. She married Count von Waldersee in 1866.



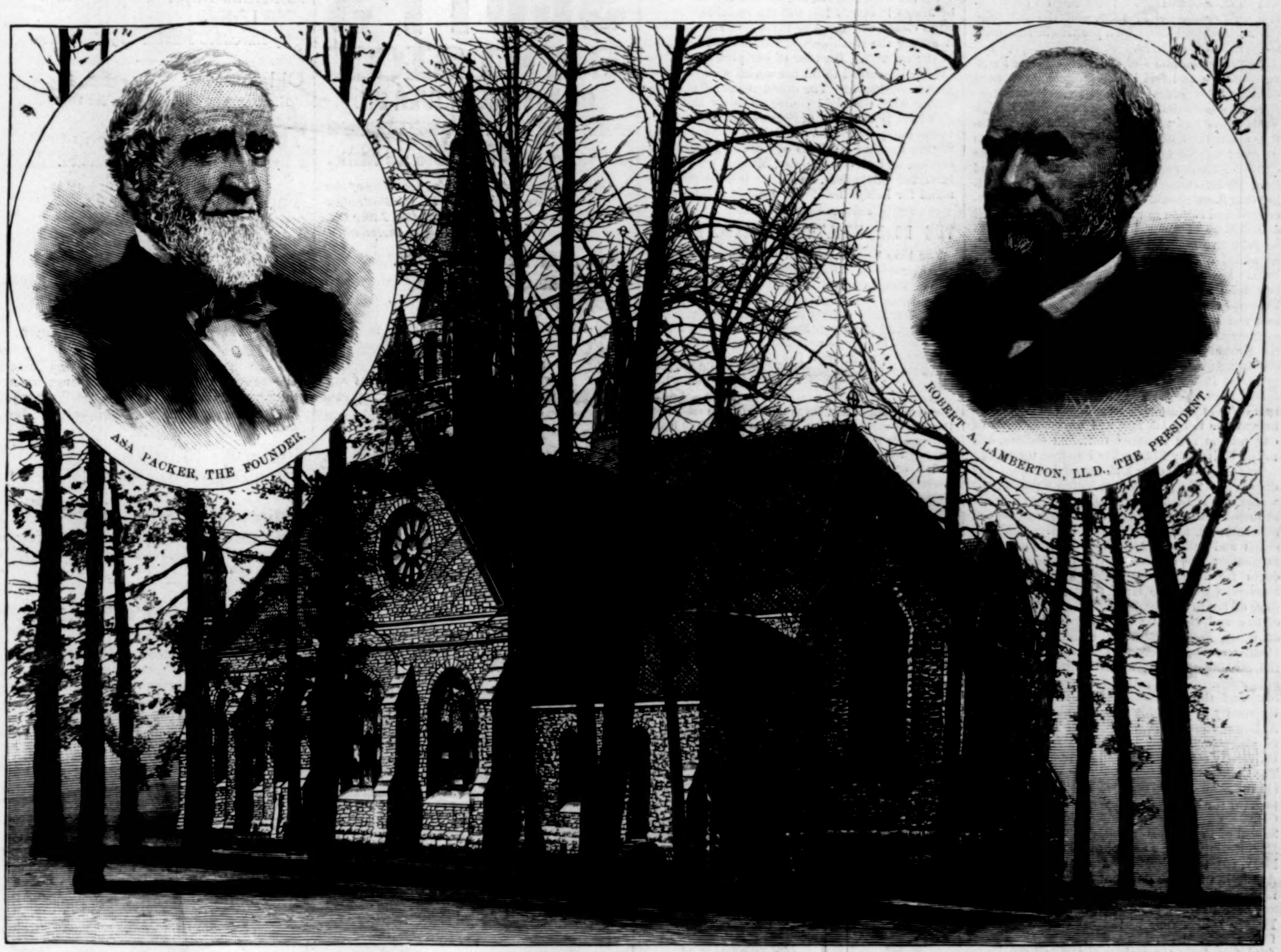
THE "THINGVALLA" STEAMING INTO HALIFAX AFTER HER COLLISION WITH THE "GEISER."—From a Photograph by Notman.—[See Page 655.]



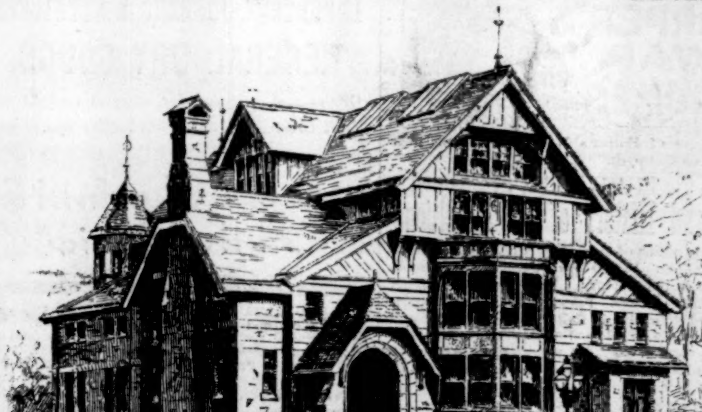
CHEMICAL LABORATORY.



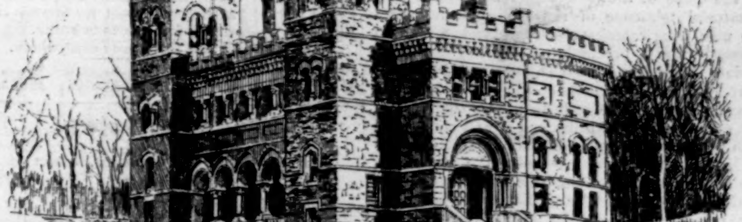
PACKER HALL.


ASA PACKER, THE FOUNDER.
ROBERT A. LAMBERTON, LL.D., THE PRESIDENT.

THE PACKER MEMORIAL CHURCH.



THE GYMNASIUM.



UNIVERSITY LIBRARY.

LEHIGH UNIVERSITY, SOUTH BETHLEHEM, PENNSYLVANIA.—From Photographs.—[See Page 658.]

THE LEHIGH UNIVERSITY.

The quiet but flourishing borough of South Bethlehem, situated in the most picturesque part of the Lehigh Valley, distant less than one hundred miles from New York and Philadelphia, has the honor of being the seat of the Lehigh University, founded by **Asa Packer**, which, although comparatively young, is one of the best endowed institutions of learning in this country. Every young man of ambition who is able and willing to keep up with his curriculum is educated free. Such was the Founder's direction.

Asa Packer was born in Groton, Connecticut, December 29, 1805. At the age of eighteen he left the New England farm, and walked all the way to Pennsylvania. By great industry he was soon able to buy a small property, and felling the trees with his own hands, he built a log house, to which he led his young bride. Leaving his forest home in 1833, he moved his family to Mauch Chunk. Here he realized the vast resources of the now famous Lehigh Valley. The project of a railway through the valley for the transportation of its great supplies of coal and iron was a result of his foresight. A company was formed under his personal supervision, the work of construction was begun, and it was with great difficulty, owing to a lack of funds, as but little faith was placed in the project, that the first forty-six miles of track, laid from Easton to Mauch Chunk, was completed in 1853. The Lehigh Valley system was completed in 1855, and the company elected him president, which position he held until his death in May, 1879.

From his position and experience Judge **Packer** could see and feel keenly the country's need of thoroughly educated engineers. He also desired especially that the young men of the Lehigh Valley who had talent and ambition should obtain a practical education which would fit them to carry on the engineering of this part of the earth, which is composed largely of carbon and iron. He determined to found a University, intending that there should be a College of General Literature and tuition in the Ancient Classics as well as a College of Technology. To this end in 1865 he gave five hundred thousand dollars, to which he added one hundred and twenty-five acres of land. Upon the ground was a structure which had been used by the Moravians as a church. This was changed into a college building, another hall was built, and in these buildings the work was begun and carried on with increasing success for several years. From this foundation rose the Lehigh University, incorporated by the Legislature of Pennsylvania in 1866. During his life Judge **Packer** expended about one million and a half on the University. In addition to these gifts he gave to it by his last will an endowment of one million five hundred thousand dollars, and to the University library five hundred thousand.

In casting about for a site good judgment was displayed. The grounds are within a mile of the works of the Bethlehem Iron Company (who are at present making the great gun castings for the government), near the Lehigh Valley Railroad shops and other shops, which by a special arrangement are opened to the engineering students for practical inspection and tests. The University owns the large tract of land at the foot of South Mountain, which contains groves of oak and chestnut; the Park (on three sides of which are situated the buildings) occupies about twenty-five acres. East of the Park are the athletic grounds, which contain a quarter-mile track. The climate of the region is excellent, and the environments of the best. The University is very ably presided over by **Robert A. Lamberton**, LL.D., President. There are forty professors, lecturers, and instructors. The University embraces the following departments: The College of General Literature, which includes (1) the School of Arts, (2) the School of Philosophy, (3) the School of Science and Letters. The College of Technology, which includes (1) the School of Civil, (2) Mechanical, and (3) Electrical Engineering, (4) the School of Mining and Metallurgy, (5) the School of Analytical Chemistry. At the head of the different schools are capable men, whose works are well known.

The University buildings are nine in number. Packer Hall stands at the head of a beautiful terrace opposite, and at a distance of seven hundred feet from the main entrance to the Park. It is built of stone, and contains lecture and recitation rooms, the draughting-rooms, and the museums of Geology and Natural History. The Chemical Laboratory is fire-proof, built of sandstone, and is 220 by 45 feet. It is considered the finest of its kind in the country. There are also the Metallurgical, the Physical, and the Hydraulic Laboratories, the Sayre Observatory (the gift of **Robert H. Sayre**, Esq., of South Bethlehem), the Library, the Gymnasium, the Church, and Christmas Hall. In the dome of the Observatory is mounted an equatorial telescope of six-inch aperture, and the west wing contains a sidereal clock, a zenith telescope, and a prismatic sextant. The Gymnasium is large, and finely equipped on Dr. **Sargent**'s plan; it also contains a billiard-room and bowling-alleys. The electrical laboratory is a two-story building of brick, and is well equipped with proper apparatus. Christmas Hall is the oldest building, and now contains the offices of the Lehigh publications and the assembly-rooms of the societies. The Packer Memorial Church is the recent and munificent gift of Mrs. **Mary Packer Cummings**, a daughter of the Founder. It is a large and magnificent edifice, richly furnished and handsomely appointed, costing upward of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. It is under the supervision of the Right Rev. **Nelson S. Rulison**, D.D., as Rector of the University, with the Rev. **A. W. Snyder** as his assistant and chaplain in charge. The Library is a particularly handsome building, and was erected by the Founder, at a cost of one hundred thousand dollars, in memory of his daughter. He also gave five hundred thousand as an endowment, and twenty-five thousand was given for the purchase of books, of which there are now sixty-eight thousand volumes upon the shelves. The building is fire-proof, is semicircular in plan, with a handsome façade in the Venetian style of architecture. It is constructed of Potsdam sandstone with granite ornamentation. The buildings are all heated by steam, which comes to them by underground passages from a boiler-house containing ten large boilers.

There is an Alumni scholarship of two hundred and fifty dollars per annum, and three Alumni prizes for oratory; also, through the generosity of **Elisha P. Wilbur**, Esq., of South Bethlehem, prizes amounting to three hundred dollars. There are several flourishing societies among the students. The members of the Engineering Society publish a journal, articles from which are frequently taken by engineering papers. Trips are made each year by the senior engineers to Niagara Falls, New York, and other places, to inspect bridges and other engineering works. There were over four hundred students in attendance during the past year, among them representatives from China, Japan, Cuba, Mexico, Nova Scotia, England, Spain, Germany, Greece, Nicaragua, Brazil, and United States of Colombia. Practice in the Gymnasium is required, based on the principle that a healthy body begets a healthy mind.

On the expiration of the various trusts created by Judge **Packer**'s last will the remainder of his large estate will come to the University, placing it among the wealthiest institutions of learning in the country. Because of her present wealth, Lehigh is enabled to fill her chairs with the best talent obtainable. The direct result of this, together with the rigid course of study and high standard, is that the graduates are making an enviable reputation for their *alma mater*, holding as they do high positions of trust in government service, and in our Railway, Mining, and Manufacturing enterprises, and there is a growing demand for Lehigh men.

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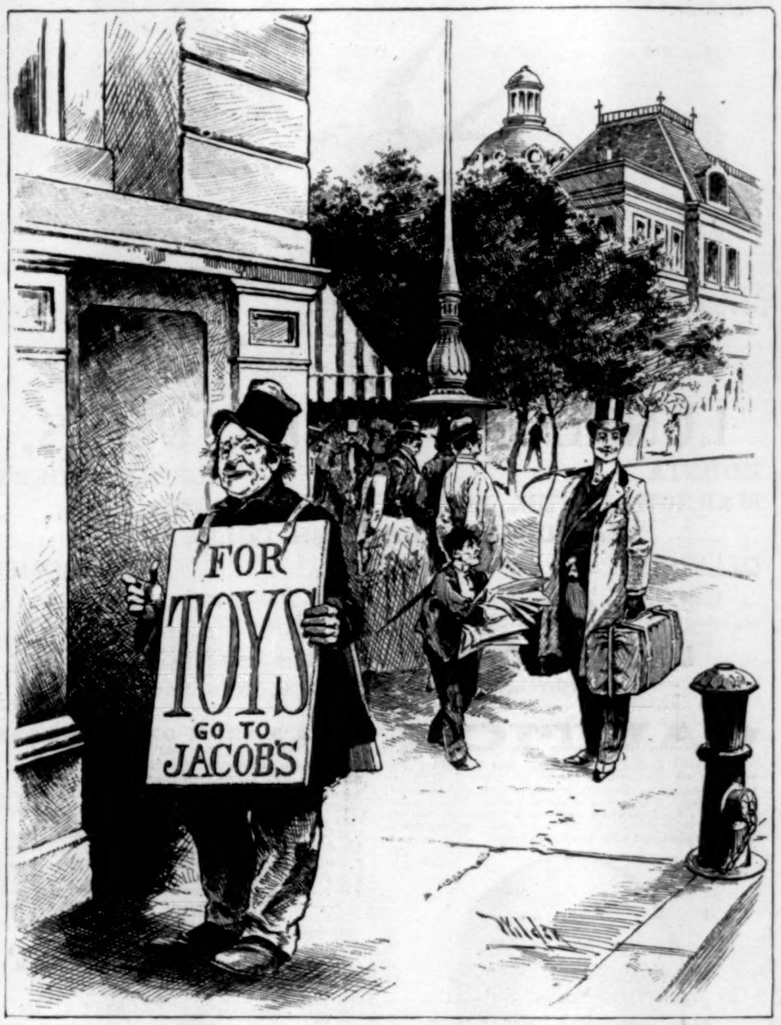

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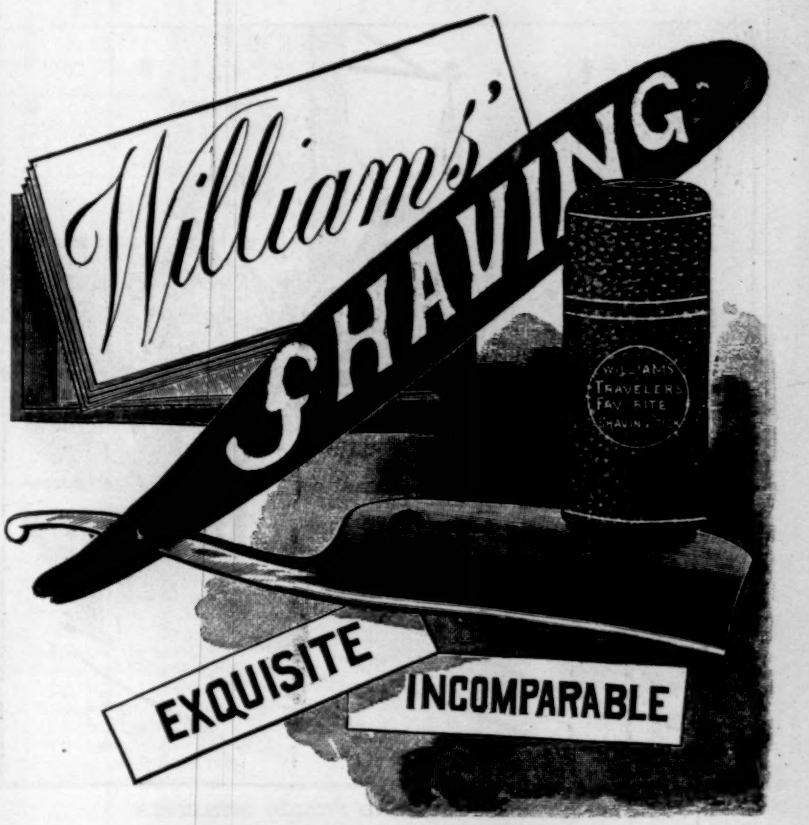
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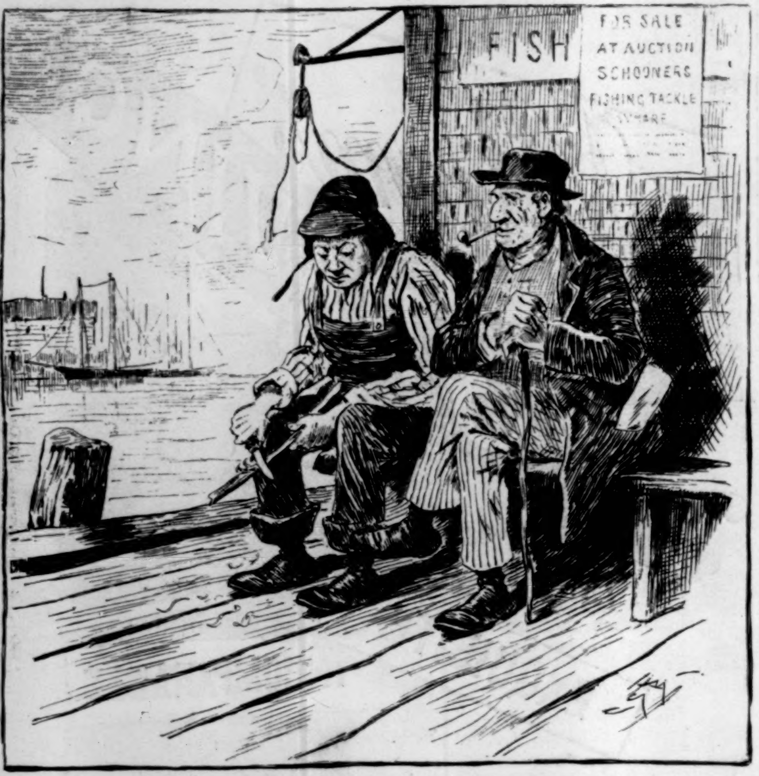

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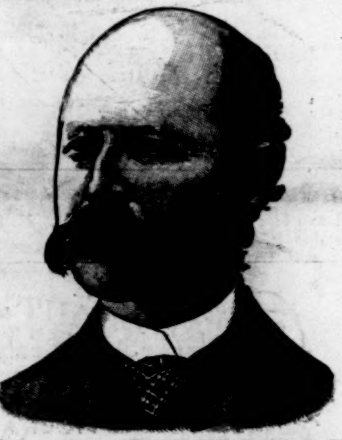

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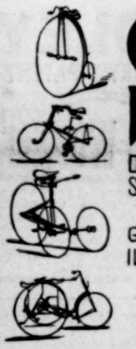

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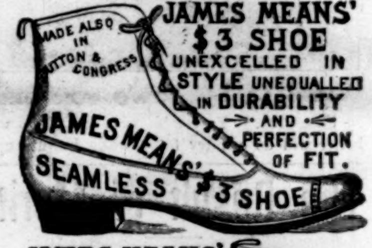
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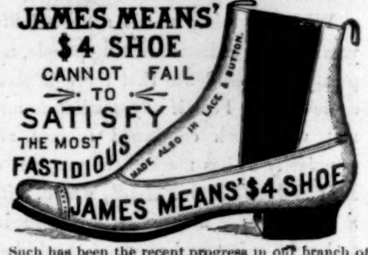
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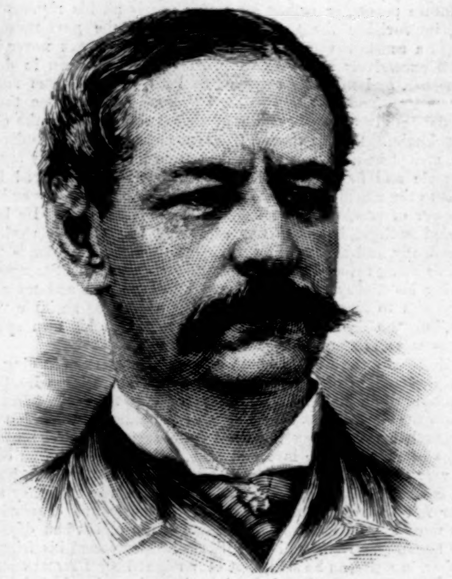
THE "FOREIGN ELEMENT" IN NEW YORK CITY.

By GEORGE J. MANSON.

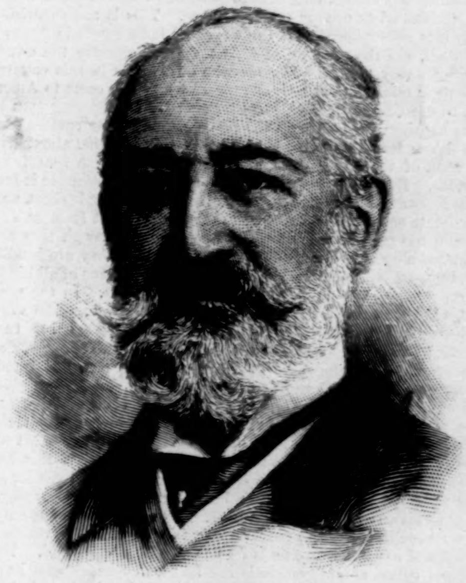
II.—NORWEGIANS, SWEDES, AND DANES.

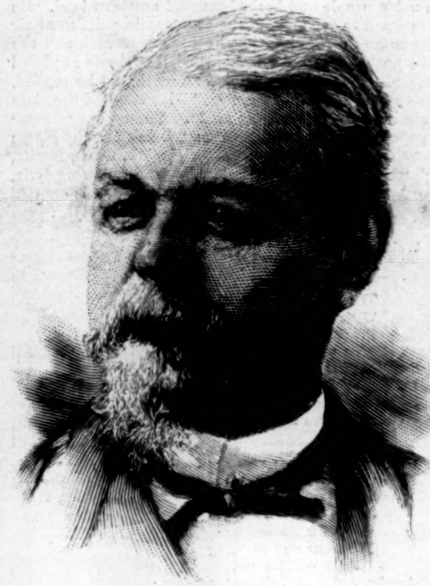

HENRY M. BRAEM, CONSUL FOR DENMARK.

IN considering the immigration from Norway, Sweden, and Denmark one is reminded, on first thought, of the anecdote of the theatrical manager who played what men of his kind call "a first-class attraction" before a very small audience. Wishing to hold the good-will of the few who patronized his entertainment, he thought it advisable to appear before the curtain and make a few complimentary remarks. His most forcible observation was to the effect that the audience "might have been larger, but it could not possibly have been more select." A similar remark might be made in regard to the immigration to this country of the Norwegians, Swedes, and Danes; it is not very large compared with the numbers of persons that come from Germany, Ireland, and England, and yet its general character is such as to make it peculiarly valuable to America.

In 1850 the Norwegian population in America numbered about 13,000, and of this number 9000 were living in Wisconsin, and 2500 in Illinois. In round numbers, in the year 1880 we received 20,000 Norwegians; in 1881, 23,000; in 1882, 29,000; in 1883, 23,000; in 1884, 17,000; in 1885, 12,000; and in 1886, 13,000. In 1873 there were 14,000 immigrants from Sweden; from 1874 to 1878, inclusive, the number was reduced to about 5000 a year; in 1879 there were 11,000; in 1880, 39,000; in 1881, 49,000; in 1882, 64,000; in 1883, 38,000; and from 1884 to 1886, inclusive, the number has averaged about 25,000.

Of the three countries of which we are speaking, Denmark furnishes us with the smallest number of accessions. In 1873 there were 5000 arrivals; in 1874, 3000; in 1875, 2500; in 1876 and 1877 the number fell off to about 1500 for each year. In 1880 it rose to 6500; in 1881, 9000; in 1882, 11,500; in 1883, 10,000; and during the years 1884, 1885, and 1886 the number has averaged 7000. It will be noticed that Norwegian immigration fell off after 1882. This is accounted for by the fact that times were


CHRISTIAN BÖRS, CONSUL FOR SWEDEN AND NORWAY.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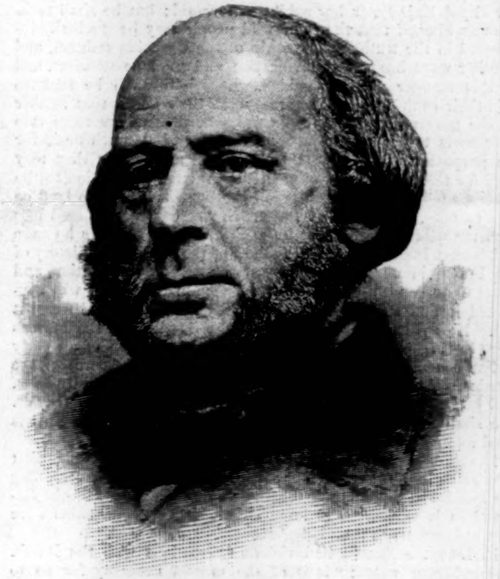
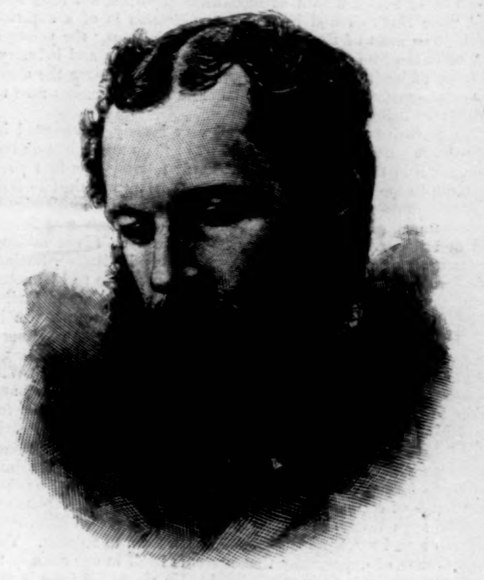

CAPTAIN JOHN ERICSSON.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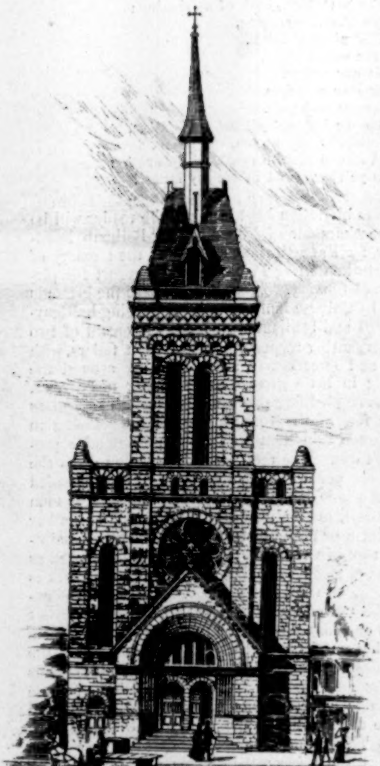
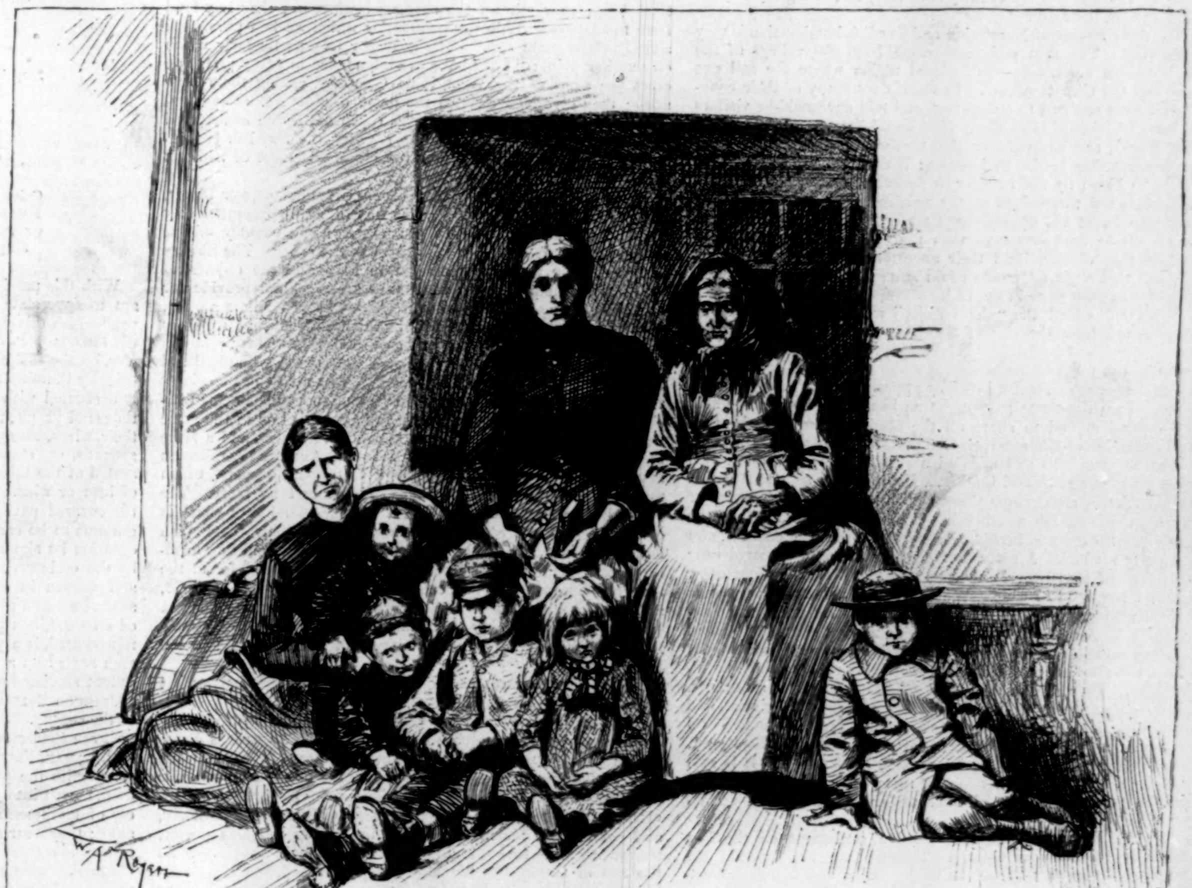

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS LUTHERAN CHURCH.



NORWEGIAN IMMIGRANTS AT CASTLE GARDEN.

improving in Norway about that period, labor receiving better pay than it had for some years previously. As many hands removed from the rural districts, the wages of farm-laborers increased. The large immigration in the years 1880, 1881, and 1882, it is prophesied, will exercise an unfavorable influence on the growth of the Norwegian population for years to come. The increase by births was very small during those years.

In examining the class of occupations which supply the largest number of Norwegian emigrants, it will be found that farm hands and agriculturists occupy the first place. This is not surprising when it is remembered that the wages of farm hands in Norway are small, and the prospect of a day-laborer becoming the owner of a farm very remote. Friends who own farms in this country urge their relatives and acquaintances at home to come to America; they write how comparatively easy it is for a young man to make his way as a farmer in the far West, and often enclose prepaid tickets for a trip to the New World. It is said that about fifty per cent. of the emigrants are provided with tickets sent from America. But, at the best, farming is not a very productive industry in Norway, the soil is not productive, the summer is short, and the climate severe. The Norwegians make excellent farmers, and America has gained in having them come here; though they are somewhat slow and old-fashioned in their ways, they are intelligent, industrious, and frugal in their habits. Artisans of all kinds are represented among the Norwegian immigrants. In the year 1882, 1496 artisans left Norway for America, of whom 150 were blacksmiths, 341 joiners, 129 tailors, 230 shoemakers, 159 carpenters, 96 painters, 76 masons, 71 bakers and confectioners, and 52 mechanics. In the same year 876 seafaring men emigrated, 167 fishermen, and 275 tradesmen and clerks.

From Sweden farmers represent the largest class of laborers; there are also general laborers, mechanics, engineers, architects, clerks, and merchants. Among the women the servant class is very large. The Swedes emigrate partly because they believe they can better their condition, and partly on account of their fondness for an adventurous life. Neither politics, heavy taxes, nor a surplus population furnish reasons for emigration. Before the age of twenty-two a Swede is obliged to perform only forty-two days of military service, and after that age he is free to go where he pleases. The principal cause of emigration is the fact that Swedes who have settled in this country are constantly urging their friends to follow them, and also sending them tickets or money for the journey. The United States consul at Stockholm reported, not long ago, that "the Swedish and Norwegian emigration is of a superior class. The most of those who emigrate are among the younger and more resolute and effective persons for labor and industry. In point of health, vigor, and enterprise they are above the average of the agricultural and other laborers of the vigorous race to which they belong."

The Scandinavians will be found very largely represented in the western part of our country. Many of them are sailors on the great lakes in the Northwest—bold, hardy fellows—the first ones to go out in the spring, and the last ones to return in the late fall. A considerable number are employed at lumbering in Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota; others are in the iron mines of Michigan and the coal mines of Iowa. They will be found making agricultural machinery, ploughs, and wagons in Moline, Racine, Stoughton, Madison, and other cities; their presence will be noted in flour-mills in Minneapolis, saw-mills in La Crosse, Eau Claire, Black River Falls, Oshkosh, and other Wisconsin towns, also in the furniture factories in Chicago and Rockford. As farmers, many of them work on their own account raising wheat in Minnesota and Dakota, corn in Illinois and Nebraska, and wheat in Wisconsin and Kansas. They are the pioneers of the later day; and going to the extreme western limits of civilization, open up for permanent settlement the barren portions of our country. Nearly all the land along the rivers and lakes of Dakota has been taken by the Scandinavians. In the older Western settlements they are well-to-do farmers, living in good, substantial houses, and owning large herds of cattle. It is said that you can travel three hundred miles through Wisconsin, from La Crosse into southern Minnesota and northern Iowa, from one Scandinavian farm to another. The magnificence of opportunity that presents itself in our country to the Scandinavian is fully appreciated. He shows his faith in the New World by his work, and sees the chances for industrial progress stretch out illimitably before him. As a Norwegian said recently, "The glory of my country is in the past; the glory of your country is in the future."

The early history of Norwegian and Swedish immigration is very interesting. The first emigrants came from the valleys of the Scandinavian mountains—an isolated region where the soil was poor and the climate severe. In those days many of their countrymen were opposed to emigration, and told our would-be visitors all sorts of fanciful tales about what would happen to them in the New World; they assured them that they would be sold into slavery the moment they landed in America; if they escaped slavery, they would be killed by the Indians or devoured by terrible monsters that disported themselves in the neighboring sea, or roamed at their own sweet will up and down the broad land. Still, the emigrants came; doubtless fired with the spirit of bravery and adventure that characterized their ancestors; many of them arguing, too, that their hardships could scarcely be worse in the New World than they were in the Old.

What are called the "sloop folks" were the first to arrive. They sailed from the city of Stavanger, in the western part of Norway, on the 4th of July, 1825, choosing, by accident, a patriotic date for the birth of Scandinavian emigration. The name of the sloop, *Restauration*, seemed equally appropriate for the new enterprise. The fifty-three passengers on board had bought the ship jointly, and agreed to share all the other expenses of the trip. The organizer of the enterprise was Kleng Pedersen. He was a young peasant who had married a rich old lady, had quarrelled with his wife, and turned Quaker. He had been sent to America by his friends some three years before to report on the state of the country, and see whether it would be advisable to make the journey. He gave a favorable account of the new country, and the party set sail. A somewhat singular incident occurred near the island of Madeira. In the sea near this place the party came across a hogshead of wine. We can well imagine that they were flushed with great expectations as to the good fortune that awaited them in America, and it was quite natural that they should brighten up their imaginations still further by generous draughts of the pleasing beverage that had seemingly come to them providentially. They carried their ante-celebration to such an excess, however, that it was with difficulty they managed their boat, and owed their landing into port more to good fortune than skilful seamanship. A portion of this party stopped near Rochester, New York, paying only five dollars an acre for land. It is said that for a long time twenty-four of them lived in a big log-cabin, and had only two acres of land under cultivation the second year.

In 1835 Kleng Pedersen founded a settlement on the Fox River, in Illinois, near Ottawa. This was the beginning of the larger Norwegian settlements in La Salle and Kendall counties. In 1837 he founded a new colony in Missouri, and later made an unsuccessful attempt to colonize in Pennsylvania. He lived in Illinois, and died at Bosque, Texas, where a Norwegian settlement is still found. A companion of Pedersen who returned to Norway in 1835 gave such a glowing account of America as to lead to the immediate immigration of 150 natives from the mountain regions. Three years later a book was published in Norway, entitled, *Amerika Bogen*, which professed to give a true account of our country. It was read with great interest by the people, and a year later, in May, on the anniversary of the Norwegian constitution, another large party left for America, their destination being Milwaukee. It seems strange to write what immediately follows. They met there an old settler who warned them of the dangers of the climate of Illinois. He stood two men before them, one strong and healthy, the other weak and sickly. Pointing to the former, he said, "There you see a man from Wisconsin, the other one is from Illinois." An object lesson drawn from real life very naturally led the emigrants to stay away from Illinois. They settled on government land fourteen miles from Milwaukee.

The first immigration occurred in the seventeenth century, and was largely caused by the religious dissensions in Europe at that time. Usselinx, the founder of the Dutch West India Company, proposed to Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden the scheme to found a trading company on an apparently monopolistic basis, for its operations were to extend to Asia, Africa, and America. The King approved of the enterprise, and in May, 1627, the company was incorporated. The most prominent people in the government took part in the scheme—the King's mother, the prince, the royal council, the nobility, the highest officers in the army, bishops, distinguished clergymen, burgomasters, and aldermen. The famous King died in battle before the colossal scheme could be matured. In making his bequests to his Lord Chancellor he spoke of the enterprise as "the jewel of his crown." The Chancellor was unable, however, to carry out his late sovereign's wishes on account of the depleted condition of the treasury.

The first Swedish settlement was on the banks of the Delaware, and was started in 1637. Of the fifty emigrants that composed the ship's party, the larger part were criminals. It is interesting to note the humane policy of dealing with the Indians which Gustavus Adolphus had laid out for the colonists before his death. "Slaves," said he, "cost a great deal, labor with reluctance, and soon perish from hard usage; but the Swedish nation is industrious and intelligent, and hereby we shall gain more by a free people with wives and children.....The wild nations bordering on all sides, the governor shall treat with all humanity and respect, and see that no violence or wrong be done to them by her Royal Majesty, or her subjects aforesaid; but he shall rather exert himself that the same wild people may be gradually instructed in the truths and worship of the Christian religion, and in other ways brought to civilization and good government, and in this manner properly guided. Especially shall he seek to gain their confidence, and impress upon their minds that neither he, the governor, nor his people and subordinates are come into their parts to do them any wrong or injury, but much more for the purpose of furnishing them with such things as they may need for the ordinary wants of life." Another instruction to the governor tells him to bear in mind the boundaries of the land he was to take, "in virtue of the articles of contract entered into with the wild inhabitants as its rightful lords." Such a humane and honest Indian policy, in the light of the subsequent history of the Indian in our country, may well attract our attention, and cause us to honor the memory of the Scandinavian ruler who suggested it, and the Swedes who steadily and faithfully carried it out. How pleasant the relations of the Swedes and the Indians were in this first colony is indicated in the decision of an early Indian council, called to discuss the advisability of destroying the Swedes. The verdict of the council was: "We, native Indians, will love the Swedes, and the Swedes shall be our good friends. We shall not make war upon them and destroy them. This is fixed and certain. Take care to observe it."

The Swedes prospered. In 1638 the governor wrote home that they had all the fur trade of the Delaware, and were "underselling the Dutch and conciliating the Indians." Other expeditions followed in later years, and large ship-loads of beaver-skins were sent at intervals to the mother-country.

In 1646 the Swedes had violent altercations with the Dutch. The governor wrote: "It is of the utmost necessity for us to drive the Dutch from the river, for they oppose us on every side; they destroy our trade, strengthen the savages with guns, shot, and powder, publicly trading with these against the edicts of all Christians; they stir up the savages against us; they buy land from the savages within our boundaries which we had purchased already eight years ago." The governor was particularly wroth on another point: "They have the impudence in many places to erect the arms of the West India Company, calling them *their* arms; they give New Sweden the name of New Netherland, and dare to build their houses there." When the Dutch endeavored to prove a priority of right to the country, the Swedish government remarked: "The devil was the oldest possessor of hell, but he sometimes admitted a younger one."

In New York city neither the Swedes, Norwegians, nor Danes, who rank numerically in the order named, are represented very largely by societies; nor do the natives of one country mingle socially to any great extent with those of the other. The Swedes have a society which was started in 1836, and the objects of which are to help the poor when they are sick, and provide for funeral expenses. Sick persons are allowed seven dollars a week, and for funeral expenses one hundred dollars is given. Members pay fifty cents a month dues and a subscription of fifty cents on the death of a member. The society has about two hundred and ten members, and its funds are increased by a ball in the winter and a picnic in the summer. The "Swedish and Norwegian Society" is another benevolent organization carried on in the same way; it has about four hundred and fifty members, and a large library of Swedish and English literature. Another organization is the *Hundramanna-Föreningens*, a benevolent society, which must always consist of one hundred men and no more. The Danes have a society called "Dania," the membership of which is confined to natives of Denmark, and in which only the Danish language is permitted to be spoken. One hundred and fifty members belong to this organization, which is partly social, for at the meetings the members drink a glass of wine, smoke, play cards, and become mildly excited over the discussion of Danish politics. The object of this club is to raise enough money to found a library in Brooklyn composed entirely of books printed in the Danish language.

The most important social event among the Swedes is what is called the "Bellman Festival," which is held every year on the 23d of July, under the auspices of the *Hundramanna-Föreningens* Society. The celebration is in honor of Charles Bellman, who may justly be called the national poet of Sweden. We must understand something of the character of the man in order to appreciate the spirit with which the Swedes celebrate his anniversary. Bellman lived during the reign of Gustavus Adolphus, and commenced his literary career by writing religious poetry, translating some fables, and producing a few dramatic pieces. At the age of twenty-five his style had developed, and his poetry became popular. He became a favorite with the King, who gave him an official position which commanded a salary of nine thousand dollars, one-half of which Bellman paid to clerks in the office, whom he employed to do the work in order that he might use his time to lead a joyous life of unrestraint. Every Swede grows enthusiastic at the mere mention of the name of Bellman, and well he may, for he was the poet of the people, and of his country as well. He was a man who loved to mingle in all classes of society and study character. Many of his characters are taken from among the common people and low life. He was in the habit of visiting the taverns, where he would drink a mild sort of wine, and while sitting quietly in an obscure corner smoking a pipe, he would watch the company and gain material for future poems, or rather songs, for nearly all his rhymes he sang, improvising the tune at the time of the performance. Though a constant visitor at drinking-places, Bellman never indulged excessively in intoxicating drink; he never ran in debt at the bar, and in these respects, at least, differed from some great poets of ancient and modern times. At that time there were dances given every evening in almost every alley in the city of Stockholm. Bellman was a frequent attendant of these diversions, and picked out many a subject from among the gay revellers, male and female, that he met there. He improvised his poems to the music of the lute and the guitar, and had a wonderful power of mimicking the sound of the instruments. He had attended college, but was not especially learned; he worked methodically, and his ambition was more to amuse his friends for the time being rather than become famous as a poet. Strangers, knowing his ability to please, would approach him and try and induce him to sing, but he always declined to be sociable "to order," or "on demand," and was only merry in his own spontaneous way and among his chosen friends.

It is difficult for a foreigner to estimate Bellman according to the high standard of his own countrymen. There is no English translation of all his poems, and though attempts have been made by both the Germans and the English to produce a translation of his complete works, they have not been successful. The usual themes of Bellman are love and wine, and his poems often contain very free sketches of life as he saw it; they are not, however, coarsely painted, but indicated in such a way that they are rather felt than described. Many of his songs and improvisations were not recorded. The account given of his last days is quite touching. During his last illness he summoned his friends together, in order, as he said, that they might hear Bellman once more. He then sang the whole night through, under the influence of the unbroken flow of inspiration, his subjects being the praise of the King, his gratitude to Providence, which had caused his lot to be amid a noble people and in the beautiful northern land. He finally bade farewell to each one of the company in a different air and metre, according to the individual character of each and the relation of the poet to him. As day dawned, his friends implored him to cease, and to spare his remaining strength, but he replied, "Let us die as we have lived—in music!" He emptied the glass of wine before him, and never sang again. The names of some of his most popular songs are suggestive: "Drink out thy glass; see, Death awaits thee;" "Mark how our shadow, mark, Moritz, my brother;" "Ulla lay in bed and slept." The following lyric, entitled "Up, Amaryllis!" (from which the third verse is omitted for want of space), will give a good idea of Bellman's style:

Waken, thou fair one! up, Amaryllis!
Morning so still is,
Cool is the gale.
The rainbow of heaven,
With its hues seven,
Brightness hath given
To wood and dale.
Sweet Amaryllis, let me convey thee;
In Neptune's arms naught shall affray thee.
Sleep's god no longer power has to stay thee,
Over thy eyes and speech to prevail.

Come out a-fishing; nets are forth carrying;
Come without tarrying,
Hasten with me.
Jerkin and veil in,
Come for the sailing;
For trout and grayling
Baits will lay we.
Awake, Amaryllis! dearest, awaken;
Let me not go forth by thee forsaken;
Our course among dolphins and sirens taken,
Onward shall paddle our boat to the sea.

* * * * * * *

Step in the boat, then, both of us singing;
Love afresh springing,
O'er us shall reign.
If the storm rages,
If it war wages,
Thy love assuages
Terror and pain.
Calm 'mid the billows' wildest commotion,
I would defy, on thy bosom, the ocean,
Or would attend thee to death with devotion.
Sing, O ye sirens, and mimic my strain!

With this passionate invitation kept in mind, the reader will be apt to appreciate the character of New York's "Bellman Festival," which this year, for the fifth time, celebrated the memory of the famous poet, at Harlem River Park, a popular resort for picnics, on the east side of the city. There he would see the grounds brightly illuminated by Chinese lanterns, a large dancing-hall gayly decorated with flags and brilliant with light. A crowd of two thousand people, representing respectable and honest toilers, with their wives, sisters, and sweethearts, are wandering around the grounds, or, standing in little groups, are chatting merrily, or, seated at the tables, are pledging one another's health in a glass of beer or wine. A few of the younger couples are dancing in the covered pavilion, too impatient to wait for the regular programme to be carried out. The real proceeding which gives the occasion its significance occurs about nine o'clock, when, headed by the orchestra, the whole company, many of the younger men and women in costume, march out to the garden and gather around a small platform or pedestal, at the back of which, painted on wood, is a picture of the immortal Bellman. The poet, as represented, is a plump, smooth-faced, genial-looking man, and is seen seated on a chair, with his legs crossed. There is some excellent singing by the "Svenska Glee Klubben," and an earnest address on Bellman and his times by one of the leading members of the society. Sitting on either side of the wooden effigy of the poet are characters designed to represent the two intimate friends of Bellman, Fredman and Lidner. At the conclusion of these ceremonies the party in costume, numbering probably two hundred, march into the dancing-hall and promenade through a variety of movements. The young women are dressed very much alike; they wear short, gayly decorated dresses, and tiny lace caps of simple construction. There is more variety of costume among the men. Some look like peasants, others like working-men, a few appear to be courtiers and gentlemen; there are grave priests and sharp-looking lawyers, a curious old fellow with a humped back and an idiotic glare at the crowd of lookers-on at the sides, and an ugly little man in a shocking big red wig, suggestive of a small

Vesuvius in an active state of eruption. This procession will be viewed with greater interest when we learn that it represents, in promenade, the well-known characters of Bellman's poems. Whoever suggested the idea of thus giving a lifelike presentation of this great author's characters certainly deserves great praise. It at once suggests the thought how grandly the same principle could be carried out with reference to the works of other great writers, more particularly Shakespeare, Molière, and Balzac. The young women who took part in this particular procession were wholesomely pretty; they represented the rare combination of sound health and good looks, and their cavaliers, in size and strength, maintained the reputation of their Scandinavian ancestors.

Every housewife who has had the good fortune to secure a Swedish servant knows her value. The Swedes are active, sensitive, social, and industrious; they expect to be well treated and well paid for their services. They come from a country where schools abound, and are adapted to the nicer parts of household economy; they are especially good in the capacity of chambermaid, seamstress, or lady's attendant. Swedish girls are brought up to be industrious, and have not formed a taste for even the cheap luxuries which too often turn a woman's head, and make her unfit for the practical duties of life. In Sweden domestics are engaged by the year at a moderate salary; when they get to America, where their services are well remunerated, they work with greater inspiration. At Castle Garden, where many of these girls are engaged, the demand for their services is always largely in excess of the supply. They receive from ten to sixteen dollars a month wages. Norwegian servants are coming to America in increasing numbers, and they prove honest, good-tempered, and trustworthy. Their wages at home are very low, varying from twenty to forty dollars a year for girls in towns, and in the country they are even lower. Swedish male labor is appreciated all over the world. From a statement recently made in a Brooklyn paper it appears that an English nobleman, one of the largest land-owners in the south of Ireland, is about to introduce new blood on to his estate, and has engaged about forty Swedish farmers and their families to come to the Emerald Isle in the spring of 1889. The object is to create a stronger competition in butters, the native farmers having been unable for some time to compete with several European brands.

Wherever they are, the Scandinavians never forget their own country. Just before Christmas, 1887, about eight hundred Norwegians, Swedes, and Danes went abroad to spend the holidays, while work was slack. They came from the far Northwest—Minnesota, Dakota, and a few from as far as Manitoba and the shores of Lake Winnipeg. As they stood on the dock in New York they presented a curious sight, clad as they were in great buffalo, 'coon-skin, and bear-skin coats, with fur or knit woollen caps pulled down over their ears. Some of them were brakemen on the Northwestern railroads, and wore the soft Scotch cap affected by train brakemen. For a steerage ticket from Chicago to Copenhagen and return they paid sixty-five dollars each. In the party were two Norwegian doctors, two editors of Norwegian papers published in the Northwest, and a few men who had accumulated wealth in America. The majority of the excursionists were farmers, farm-laborers, and wood-choppers from the forests of northern Wisconsin, and miners from the vicinity of Lake Superior. Some of them had been saving out of their small earnings for months in order to enjoy the trip. Dealers in tin trumpets, little woolly toy sheep, toy carts, tools, drums and trumpets, and all the other childish jimcracks suitable to that season, did a brisk business about the gangways selling their wares to the travellers, intent on making glad the hearts of the little ones at home.

Of the ten thousand Scandinavians that are scattered over New York and Brooklyn about one thousand came from Denmark, an agricultural country, which, if the truth is told about it, would seem in one important particular to realize the dream of some political economists, for in that land there is a general prosperity; no one is very rich, and none are very poor. There, too, they have a court of conciliation, or arbitration committee, composed of distinguished lawyers who in minor disagreements endeavor to effect a settlement between the parties.

In America the Danes are a hard-working, peace-loving, and highly respected class of citizens. Around New York many of them are engaged in mechanical trades, and a few will be found in the different commercial pursuits; but the great majority of Danes who land on our shores immediately journey westward, where they engage in agricultural pursuits, for which, by nature, they are well fitted. Racine, Wisconsin, is the head-quarters for Danes in this country. On many of the coast-line vessels and some of the transatlantic steamers Danish sailors will be found.

A very important industry in this country, carried on under Danish auspices, is the sale of certain Danish preparations which are used by dairymen in the manufacture of butter and cheese. Denmark has acquired a high reputation for its butter. Danish butter is sold at the highest figures in London, and holds the highest rank in the brands prepared for export to Brazil and other tropical countries. Formerly it was made in private dairies, but within the last ten years the business has been greatly developed, and large creameries have become the rule instead of the exception. At Copenhagen Chr. Hansen has a laboratory for the making of the preparations alluded to, and branch houses in this country in Chicago, and Little Falls, New York. These preparations, originally Danish, were first introduced in America in 1877, when Mr. J. D. Fredericksen, a Dane, came to New York from Denmark for the purpose of recommending them to the trade. The articles were then manufactured in Copenhagen only. The following year, however, the demand for them increased to such an extent that it was found best to start a factory in New York city. Experience soon demonstrated that the centre of the trade was not in New York city but in the western part of the State: there was also the necessity of purer air and water; consequently the plant was removed to Little Falls, New York, where it has been located since 1882. The preparations are sold to all the dairy sections in the United States and Canada, and considerable quantities are exported to the West Indies, South America, New Zealand, etc. The branch office in Chicago, in charge of another Dane, Mr. J. H. Monrad, was established in 1885.

It will be interesting to compare the American and Danish systems of dairying from Mr. Fredericksen's point of view, and he is an expert in such matters: The main feature about American dairying is found in the ingenious contrivances which are employed by the American, enabling him to treat large quantities of milk with a minimum of labor, while the Danish butter-maker is noted for the care he displays in the smallest detail of the work. In Denmark, as in most old countries, progress is slow, one improvement following another in regular order, based upon old customs, and often upon prejudices too deeply rooted to be put away, or to allow intermediate, often unnecessary, steps to be passed by. On the other hand, the caution and hesitancy with which changes are made give more stability to the business, and insure against failures, which are more frequent in places where the industry is rashly built up on bare ground, as in the northwestern part of our country.

In Denmark, labor being cheap, there is no urgent reason for the application of labor-saving contrivances; even in the best arranged Danish creameries of to-day very little attention is paid to such an important matter. The milk, as it arrives from the barn in heavy cans, is lifted down from the wagon, carried into the creamery, up or down stairs, as the case may be, placed on the scales, poured into the receiving-vat, and carried from one place to another, all by hand—the work, for the most part, being done by girls.

In the American creamery the hook of the swinging crane grasps the can from the wagon, and by an easy movement it is tipped, emptying itself into the weighing-can, whence the milk runs by gravitation from one vat into another. The building being situated at the foot of some hill, natural or artificial, the milk is delivered at the highest point, and the refuse, whey or skim and buttermilk, is discharged at a lower level. No lifting or carrying is necessary, and the result is a great saving of labor as compared with the work in a Danish creamery of the same capacity. But this saving of labor and anxiety to rush through the largest possible quantity of milk at the least expense is undoubtedly in America carried so far as to affect the quality of the butter. It is the minute accuracy of small details, strictly enforced even in the largest creameries, that makes Danish butter stand at the head. In the matter of churns, for instance, a Danish butter-maker would not think of churning more than about one hundred pounds of butter in one churn, because he believes that any larger quantity would change the proper proportions, and the concussion, which experience has taught him, give the finest grained and best flavored butter. If he has five hundred pounds of butter he will have five churns, or churn five times a day. The American, on the other hand, will, if required, make a churn large enough to treat a thousand pounds of butter at one churning.

To show to how fine a point little details are worked out, it may be stated that it is considered very important by the Danish butter-maker whether the roller of the butter-worker (the "embrace," an American invention) should have *eight* or *nine* ridges, a question which to the uninitiated seems of but little consequence, yet on the decision of which the "grain" of the butter to some extent depends. It is this great carefulness in the execution of little things that makes it possible for the Danish butter-maker to entirely avoid washing the butter. It is claimed by the Danes that the best butter is made without any washing whatever. But this requires extremely careful working. The butter must be of the proper solidity when worked, the salt must be added just at the right moment, and the second working must take place just at the right time and be properly executed. If these precautions are not strictly followed, the result is either overworked and greasy butter of poor grain and flavor, or a streaky appearance, and buttermilk remaining in the butter. Moderate washing is considered the safest method, where the maker is not over-scrupulous as to details. While washing is considered a necessity in America, quantities of otherwise good butter are spoiled by overwashing, all flavor being washed out in order to free the butter from buttermilk.

Many Danes are employed in the Hecla Iron-Works, Greenpoint, on the East River, directly opposite New York. At these iron-works several hundred men are engaged on architectural and ornamental iron-work of every description. This immense establishment was started by a modest, unassuming Dane, N. Poulson, now one of the firm, who began the business only twelve years ago. The two other partners, M. Eger and B. E. J. Eils, are Norwegians. About one hundred Scandinavians are employed in this establishment, some of them having risen to be the heads of departments. In the work done by this concern about twenty different trades are represented; there is the original designing for the work, modelling, electro-plating, plaster work, blacksmithing, foundery work, brass and iron work, ornamental and artistic wrought-iron work, carpentering, lacquer work, and various subdivisions of these and other employments. The architectural iron-work on some of the largest public buildings in New York and the elevated railroads has been done by this firm.

In religion the great majority of Scandinavians are Lutherans. Some of the earlier immigrations to this country were due to religious dissensions at home. One religious party, called the Hangians, in 1837 settled in La Salle County, Illinois, and for a long time used a barn for their church. A son of Even Heg, one of the leaders of the party, was Col. Hans Heg, who raised a Scandinavian regiment during the war, and fell in the battle of Chickamauga, in 1863. The first church built for the Norwegian settlement in Wisconsin was erected in 1844 at Koskonong. In 1846 a church was built at Lisbon, Kendall County, Illinois, belonging to what later was developed into the Norwegian Danish Conference of North America. There are about six hundred Scandinavian Lutheran churches in the United States, which represent a membership of 125,000. The Augustana Synod, representing the Scandinavians, was organized twenty-nine years ago with only ten members.

The leading church in New York city is the new one built in memory of Gustavus Adolphus, located in Twenty-second Street near Third Avenue. The front of the building is of cut stone and the other parts of brick. The auditorium has three galleries, and there is a large basement and a library. The cost of the building was $60,000. The Church was organized in 1860 and has now nine hundred communicants. The pastor is the Rev. C. E. Lindberg. There is a Methodist church for Scandinavians on Lexington Avenue near Fifty-second Street, and a Seamen's Bethel for Danes in South William Street. There are three churches for Scandinavians in Brooklyn; one of them is in charge of Rev. Rasmus Andersen, who also does very effective missionary work about Castle Garden. At 26 State Street there is located Rev. A. B. Lilija, who gives his entire time to missionary work among the Scandinavians. These people, both at home and in the United States, are a church-going class, and nearly all of them are brought up in the Lutheran (which is the state) Church. Modern agnosticism has made little or no progress among the Scandinavians. One of their home papers recently reported the cases of two or three persons in Malmö, Sweden, who had denied the existence of God, and who on that account had been fined in sums ranging from fifty to one hundred dollars.

An important national educational institution is the Augustana College, located at Rock Island, Illinois. This is controlled by the Scandinavian Lutheran Synod, and comprises theological, collegiate, and preparatory departments, and a conservatory of music. There is nothing peculiar in the course of instruction except that much attention is paid to the study of the Swedish language—the aim being to prepare students for missionary and school work among their own countrymen, and to "foster those traits of mind and character which are truly admirable in the Scandinavian people." Among the societies connected with the college it is somewhat curious to note the "Silver Cornet Band" organization, and the "Æolus Choir." The edifice itself is one of the finest college buildings in the country. One of the leading publishing houses for religious literature, the Augustana Book Concern, is located at this place; another large company, the Engberg and Holemberg Publishing Co., has rooms at Chicago, which is the head-quarters also for the Bethania Publishing Co., and at St. Paul, Minnesota, there is another company.

The first Scandinavian newspaper in America was published in 1847 in Illinois; one of its editors was Mr. Knud Langeland, now of the *Scandinaven*, Chicago. At the present time there are no less than a score of Scandinavian journals published in Chicago; in Iowa there are nine; in Minnesota, eight; in Rock Island, Illinois, three; and one or two are published in Massachusetts, Michigan, Missouri, Nebraska, and in Brooklyn and in Jamestown, New York. Three are published in the city of New York, the leading journal being the *North Star*, which was started about seventeen years ago. This paper is independent in politics. It is a weekly, and one page is entirely devoted to news from Norway, Sweden, and Denmark. A generous amount of space is allotted to fiction, there is a general *résumé* of American news, a list of letters in the Post-office for Scandinavians, and a column devoted to bequests, in which natives of either of the three countries living in America might be interested. All these papers are published in the Swedish language. A few years ago a magazine called *Scandinavia* was published at Chicago in the English language, but the enterprise did not seem to succeed. It was an excellent periodical, and the writer is indebted to it for some of the facts contained in this article. Of religious papers published in the United States there are twenty-four Norwegian and Swedish, and three Danish. The Scandinavians are fond of reading, and their first aim on arriving in this country is to learn the English language; it is very often the case that they learn to read English quite well before they can speak a word of the language.

As already stated, there are in New York city few clubs or social organizations peculiar to this class of people. In addition, however, to a number of singing societies and the benevolent organizations already mentioned, there is a Scandinavian society in New York which is partly literary and partly benevolent in its character. It aims to help the young Scandinavians who arrive in this country, secure them employment, and prevent them from forming bad associations. When the Civil War broke out it is interesting to note that the one hundred members of this club joined the Union army in a body under the lieutenancy of C. J. Christensen, a Dane, afterward General. Less than one-third of the volunteers came back alive.

The Scandinavians can boast of many well-known countrymen who have sojourned, or who now live, in the United States. That author, with the curious name Björnstjerne Björnson (pronounced B'yurn-st'year-ney B'yurn-son), spent the year 1880–81 in America, and is numbered among the popular writers of the time. He was born in 1832, in a lonesome, dreary parsonage in northwestern Norway, and modern Norwegian literature may be said to begin with him. His first novel was published in 1856, and all his stories are charming pictures of life in his native land. He has written some tragedies, which have been successfully produced at the Royal Theatre in Copenhagen. A Scandinavian, Clemens Petersen, in criticising his works says: "In practical life he is apt to make everything a question of party, and liable to forget that the other party also may comprise honest people; and this circumstance has now and then caused some passing trouble in his life, otherwise so rich and happy and blessed in every respect." Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen (pronounced Yalmar Yort Boye-sen) is a frequent contributor to our best periodicals, and since 1882 has been Professor of German at Columbia College, New York. He is a Norwegian, was born in 1848, and came to the United States in 1869, when he took a professorship in Urbana University, Ohio, afterward was Professor of German at Cornell University, and then went to Columbia College, as stated. He has published several tales and legends having reference to Norway, and his books have been popular with the public.

The distinguished mechanician, Captain John Ericsson, is a Swede, and a resident of New York City. He was born in 1803, and in early life served in the Swedish Army. He always showed a taste for mechanics, and when quite a young man projected his flame engine, an engine intended to work independently of steam, by condensing flame. In 1826, when he obtained permission to visit England, where he hoped to bring his invention to public notice, he soon discovered that when the engine was worked by mineral fuel the experiment was a total failure. He was not discouraged, however, and in 1829 produced a locomotive engine that obtained the then incredible speed of fifty miles an hour. He subsequently came to the United States, and here he has been the author of many inventions which have made his name familiar to the public, the iron-clad *Monitor* being the most important. On Captain Ericsson's eighty-fifth birthday (in August, 1888) the King of Sweden sent a message to Consul-General Börs, instructing him to call upon the Captain and convey to him the regards of the King. Captain Ericsson for a quarter of a century has lived in an old-fashioned house on Beach Street, which was at one time a pleasant location for a residence, but is now largely given up to warehouses. He formerly exercised by walking in the street, but of late years he keeps up his strength by a system of calisthenics, which he practises in his house and in the yard in the rear of his home. His appetite is good, and he lives almost exclusively on a vegetable diet; he uses Graham bread of a peculiar kind which he got from a baker on West Broadway some years ago. The baker still supplies the old man, though the two have never spoken since the order to send the bread regularly was given, nearly a quarter of a century ago. On the evening of Captain Ericsson's birthday seventy-five members of Scandinavian societies gave him a serenade. A saxhorn band played Swedish airs, and singing societies sang the Swedish national hymn, "Hör oss Svea," and "Brudrefärden."

Among other noted Scandinavians mention must be made of Gen. C. J. Christensen, who has been in the United States for forty years. From 1868 to 1875 he was consul for Denmark. He established the large banking business of Flood & O'Brien in California, and is at present the manager in New York for Drexel, Morgan, & Co. He is a man who has often helped his poorer countrymen, and is highly respected by both Danes and Americans. He resides in a commodious mansion in South Brooklyn, and is a prominent member of Plymouth Church, of which Henry Ward Beecher was formerly the pastor.

Another resident of Brooklyn is J. E. Swanstrom, a Swedish lawyer, who, in the summer of 1888, was appointed by the Mayor of the city a member of the Board of Education. The famous tenor singer, George Werrenrath, a Dane, is a resident of Brooklyn. N. Poulson, of the Hecla Iron-Works, will well represent how a foreigner, full of pluck and enterprise, can succeed in business in the United States. William H. Hornum, another Dane, employed in the "Hecla," is the inventor of the patent registry-bell worn on the coats of street-car conductors throughout the country, and made the plans for the Fourth Avenue improvement—partly tunnel and partly open cut—through which run the numerous trains of the New York Central Railroad. The wealthy Charles Gilsey, of hotel fame, now deceased, was a Dane. The widow of Edmund Neupert, the well-known pianist, who died some months ago, is a daughter of a distinguished engineer, C. W. Bergh, whose name is known to science by his deeds, and to the common people of Norway from his care of the roads. Rev. Christopher Jansen, of Minneapolis, is a well-known Norwegian novelist of the past; and in Congress, representing the Fifth Minnesota District, is the Hon. Knute Nelson. In New York city, Christian Börs is the Consul-General for Sweden and Norway, and Henry M. Brabm for Denmark.